THE

# *POCKET REMEMBRANCER:*

OR,

HISTORICAL AND ENTERTAINING

# ANECDOTES;

BEING A NEW AND

## ELEGANT ASSEMBLAGE

OF THE MOST

| | |
|---|---|
| INGENIOUS SALLIES OF WIT, | WHIMSICAL EXPEDIENTS, |
| LIVELY EFFUSIONS OF FANCY, | WISE SAYINGS, |
| INTERESTING PORTRAITS OF VIRTUE AND VICE, | PLEASING STORIES, |
| HUMOROUS ADVENTURES, | MEMORABLE ACTIONS, &c. |

OF POETS, GENERALS, STATESMEN, AND PHILOSOPHERS,

Which occur in the

ANNALS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

THE WHOLE

Calculated to reflect, in their proper Colours, the various Effects of Virtue and of Vice, of Wiſdom and of Folly, as they have from Time to Time been diſplayed on the grand Theatre of the World; to ſtore the Mind with a Variety of uſeful and agreeable Knowledge; and thereby, without Trouble or Expence, to qualify the Reader to converſe with Care and Propriety, and to ſhine in the politeſt Companies.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, NO. 46, FLEET-STREET;
AND W. LANE, NO. 33, LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.

Lit 2200.40

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

# ANECDOTES.

## OF GREAT PERSONAGES, WITH OTHER CURIOUS INFORMATION.

### IN A LETTER FROM MR. SHERLOCK TO A GENTLEMAN AT PARIS.

BUT why will you not come to London? I am anxious to repay you the civilities you ſhewed me at Paris. You hate England, but you love the Engliſh. I love France as little as you do England; but, I aſſure you, I moſt ſincerely eſteem a number of your countrymen; and none of them more ſincerely than yourſelf. You will not come, you ſay, till the peace is made. I hope, for *your* ſake, we ſhall beat you; for, if we do, you will be better received.

As *Le Roi* is the grand idea that fills your mind at home, ſo I take it for granted, our King is the firſt object that will engage your attention here.

I think I can tell pretty nearly what you will ſay of him on your return, as well as of our capital. You will let me know after if I have gueſſed right.

You will ſay then, that he repreſents majeſty better than any ſovereign you have ſeen, except the Pope. Thus far only you can judge for yourſelf. The reſt of your judgments muſt be collected from the opinions of the different claſſes of his ſubjects. The people here don't flatter; but always give their "worſt of thoughts the worſt of "words." You may truſt their account of him implicitly: and it is indeed a very flattering account for him. They will tell you that he has all manner of good qualities, and no bad ones; that he is humane and pious; that he loves his Queen, his children, and his people; that he is very benevolent, and never did nor ſaid an ill-natured thing; to which they add, that he has no capricious expences, and that he is very temperate in his manner of living. Thus far the people. Men of letters and artiſts praiſe him, becauſe he encourages genius, and rewards, with royal munificence, every ſpecies of ſuperior merit. Perſons of rank, who ſee him nearer, ſay, that his manners are obliging; his underſtanding, ſolid; his taſte, good; and that he is poſſeſſed of very extenſive knowledge.

To all this, they add but one ſhade: they ſay he is obſtinate. Obſtinacy, in the language of courtiers, you know, is ſteadineſs. Where one ends and the other begins, is not perhaps ſo eaſy to determine. The exceſs of a virtue is generally a fault;

and as the people, who have nothing to hope or fear, and who really love the King, ſay he is obſtinate, you will probably be rather inclined to believe them than the courtiers.

Upon the whole you will find him a great and amiable Prince; and you will regret, as I did, that he had not a friend in the No-Popery mob to burn St. James's palace *; for he is, without exception, the worſt lodged Sovereign in Europe.

After *le Roi*, you will no doubt think of *la Reine*. Our Queen is neither a wit nor a beauty. She is prudent, well-informed, has an excellent underſtanding, and is very charitable. I ſpent three months in the country where ſhe was born; and the people there have quick conceptions, and are well-natured. Her Majeſty has an elegant perſon, good eyes, good teeth, a Cleopatra noſe, and fine hair. The expreſſion of her countenance is pleaſing and intereſting; it is full of ſenſe and good temper. She loves domeſtic pleaſures; is fonder of diamonds than the Queen of France; as fond of ſnuff as the King of Pruſſia; is extremely affable, very pious, and is praiſed by all the world at home and abroad.

If you had never ſeen any capital but Paris, London would appear to you a moſt magnificent city. Its ſtreets, ſquares, &c. are infinitely ſuperior to yours. But as you have ſeen all the great towns

* It is doing great violence to language to call this building a palace. It looks like the offices to Marlborough palace.

of Germany, Holland, and Italy, I do not think London will make many violent impreſſions on you. It is larger, better lighted, and more convenient for foot paſſengers, than any city you have ſeen; but the ideas which I think will ſtrike you moſt, are the goodneſs of the horſes, the richneſs of the ſhops, and the ſhapes, ſkins, and complexions of the women.

However, if London be ſuperior to Paris in the *enſemble*, it is not ſo in the detail. You will in vain look here for 500 palaces; you will not find fifty. You will go to our opera, and you will expect pleaſures equal to thoſe you feel at your own. You will be diſappointed again. The opera of London is inferior to that of Paris in every reſpect, except in ſinging. You will ſeek a walk as agreeable as the grand allée of the *Palais Royal*, and a garden as *ſplendid* as that of the Thuilleries. You will find neither. Our park is neither a pleaſing nor an intereſting walk, and is extremely diſagreeable to the feet. You muſt not, however, ſay that here; for we are proud of our park. As I know you are ſincere, and never ſpeak but what you think, when any one aſks you how you like the park, tell them, Richmond is charming.

The London theatres will not enchant you, unleſs you ſtay long enough to know our language better than Voltaire did. If you come to underſtand it well enough to acquire once a reliſh for Shakeſpeare, you will think no more of Racine after, than you will of St. Paul's church, after ſee-

ing St. Peter's at Rome. It will be eating a peach after a pine-apple. But if you are not charmed with St. Paul's church, you will with the Pantheon. It is the nobleſt and fineſt room in Europe. See it filled, and you will have an idea of the ſplendor and opulence of the people of this town. When we were at Rome together, you remember there were one night at the maſquerade, near the end of the carnival, twelve hundred people who paid eighteen-pence for entrance; and the Romans talked of it as a mighty matter. The keeper of this room told me, there were one night at a maſquerade eighteen hundred perſons, who gave two guineas a-piece for their tickets.

Weſtminſter-abbey will make no great effect on you. You have better Gothic buildings in France. You have alſo better ſculpture than any it contains. But there is not, either in France, or in any other part of the world, a repoſitory of the dead that will intereſt you ſo much. It is the Elyſian fields of England, where every claſs of diſtinguiſhed excellence has its portion allotted to it. Patriots and warriors, philoſophers and princes, Garricks and Shakeſpeares, have each of them their place. They ſeem to ſtop the traveller and ſay; "Admire a grate-"ful country, which honoured us when living, and "which reſpects our memory when dead *." O

* How different is the language of Scipio's tomb at Torre di Patria:——

"Ingrata patria, ne quidem oſſa habebis."

talents! bleſſed is your lot in every quarter of the globe; in England, it is glorious as well as happy.

The guards will pleaſe you even after thoſe of Potſdam. There are a great many handſome men amongſt them; and they go through their exerciſe with as much regularity as the Pruſſian troops, tho' not near with ſo much quickneſs.

But of all the impreſſions that will be made on you, I believe the ſtrongeſt will be from a very common circumſtance, which you will meet frequently our ſtreets. We have here vocal performers, as you have, who ſing verſes to the crowd. You will hear them, in thoſe ſongs, mention the names of the firſt perſons in the miniſtry, and load them with the moſt opprobious language you can imagine. I bought, yeſterday, one of theſe compoſitions; and if a man of rank at Paris had ſaid *indirectly* half as much againſt one of your miniſters in any company, he would ſleep that night in the Baſtile. The indecency of this will ſhock you; but I know no country where there are ſo many ſhameful violations of public decency to be met with as in this †.

In my next, I ſhall give you ſome account of our firſt-rate geniuſes, wits, and beauties, and a ſhort hiſtory of the preſent ſtate of arts, letters, and manners amongſt us. *Vale, hoſtium dilectiſſime.*

† To attempt to keep a large city free from vice, would be ridiculous; becauſe it is ridiculous to attempt impoſſibilities. But a tolerable decency of manners ought to be expected; becauſe we ſee it is practicable, and to be met with to a certain degree every where elſe.

## OF THE LATE MR. MALLET.

AMONG words which, in their preſent acceptation, are far remote from their original and rigid meaning, none perhaps are more ſtriking than Deiſm and Freethinking. The former, which, in its ſtrict import, ſignifies nothing more than a belief in the exiſtence of the Deity, in oppoſition to Atheiſm, is now univerſally underſtood of all perſons who reject the Chriſtian revelation; and the word Freethinking, which ſhould convey the idea of a man of a liberal and ingenious diſpoſition, free from vulgar prejudices and unmanly bigotry, and inveſtigating truth with virtuous views and a deep veneration of the Supreme Being, is now commonly appropriated to thoſe perſons who, from a love of ſingularity, and affectation of ſuperior underſtanding, or innate malignity of mind, would combat truths the moſt univerſally received and revered in all ages and in all countries, and would diſſolve thoſe ſacred ties by which ſociety is united, and deſtroy thoſe hopes of immortality which God has given, as incentives to virtue, and the beſt ſecurity of our happineſs here and hereafter.

An anecdote of the late Mr. Mallet affords a remarkable inſtance of the truth of this obſervation, and cannot fail to convey ſome uſeful advice. This gentleman was a great Freethinker, and a very free ſpeaker of his free thoughts. He made no ſcruple to diſſeminate his opinions wherever he could intro-

duce them. At his own table, the lady of the houſe, who was a ſtaunch advocate for her huſband's opinions, would often, in the warmth of argument, ſay,—" Sir, we Deiſts."

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the Freethinkers was repeated ſo often, and urged with ſo much earneſtneſs, that the inferior domeſtics became ſoon as able diſputants as the heads of the family. The fellow, who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his miſdeeds he ſhould have no after account to make, was reſolved to profit by the doctrine, and made of with many things of value, particularly the plate.—Luckily he was ſo cloſely purſued, that he was brought back with his prey to his maſter's houſe, who examined him before ſome ſelect friends. At firſt, the man was ſullen, and would anſwer no queſtions; but, being urged to give a reaſon for his infamous behaviour, he reſolutely ſaid,—" I " had heard you ſo often talk of the impoſſibility " of a future ſtate, and that after death there was " no reward for virtue, nor puniſhment for vice, " that I was tempted to commit the robbery."—" Well; but you raſcal," replied Mallet, " had " you no fear of the gallows?"—" Sir," ſaid the fellow, looking ſternly at his maſter, " what is " that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? " You had removed my greateſt terror; why ſhould " I fear the leaſt?"

## OF PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Czar Peter was too wiſe a monarch to loſe ſight for a moment of ſo important an object as agriculture. Whatever part of the world he viſited, nothing relative to that ſcience eſcaped his attention. In all his travels, whether through France, Holland, or Germany, when he ſaw the country people at work, on the right or left of the road, he left his carriage to obſerve them, and generally converſed with them on the ſubject of their occupations. He frequently entered their houſes, examined every thing, particularly their utenſils of huſbandry, of which he ſometimes made drawings on the ſpot, and always wrote down his remarks on tables he carried about with him for that purpoſe. It was more eſpecially his amuſement at each ſtage, while the horſes were changing.

As he was paſſing through a village on his return to Paris, he ſaw a man, dreſſed very differently from the peaſants, at work in a garden of moderate extent. Finding, on inquiry, that this laborious cultivator was the Vicar of the place, he entered the garden, which he perceived to be well ſtocked with handſome fruit trees, the houſe being ſituated in the middle, and a little foreſt of mulberry trees behind. The Czar converſed with him a full half-hour, and learned that the greateſt part of the trees had been planted by the Vicar himſelf, who ſtill continued to prune them with his own hands. The

Prince asked with astonishment, why he was obliged to submit to such laborious occupations, and if his parishioners never gave him their assistance. "Very seldom, Sir," answered the Vicar. "When "any of them have a few moments leisure, they do "not want a good inclination; but they have always so much business themselves, that they have "little time to spare to do mine. However, the duties of my office leave me sufficient for the cultivation of my little piece of ground; and, if the "season is favourable, I always make a few hundred livres a-year by the sale of my fruits and "silk, which are a very necessary addition to my "slender allowance."

The Russian Monarch was enchanted, and wrote down the name of this worthy pastor on his tablet. Then turning to the companions of his travels,— "observe this worthy ecclesiastic," said he;—"the "labour of his hands supplies him with cyder, "wine, and ready money into the bargain. Do "not fail to remind me of him when we return to "Russia. I'll try if there are any means to animate "our village priests to cultivate their glebes, in "order to deliver them at once from poverty and "sloth."

## ON THE CORONATION OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

THE whole behaviour of GEORGE III. at the Coronation was juſtly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of aſcending and ſeating himſelf on his throne after his Coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the Diſtreſt Mother, not even Booth himſelf, who was celebrated for it in the Spectator, ever aſcended the throne with ſo much grace and dignity. There was another particular, which thoſe only could obſerve who ſat near the communion table: when the King approached the communion table, as did the Prebendaries of Weſtminſter, in order to receive the Sacrament, he inquired of the Archbiſhop, *whether he ſhould not lay aſide his crown?* The Archbiſhop aſked the Biſhop of Rocheſter; but neither of them could ſay what had been the uſual form. The King determined within himſelf, that humility beſt became ſuch a ſolemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the adminiſtration.

## OF RICHARD III.

IN the town of Leiceſter, the houſe is ſtill ſhewn where Richard the Third paſſed the night before the battle of Boſworth; and there is a ſtory of him,

ſtill preſerved in the corporation records, which illuſtrates the caution and darkneſs of that Prince's character. It was his cuſtom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumberſome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could ſleep in. Here he contrived a ſecret receptacle for his treaſure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leiceſter with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as uſeleſs lumber. The owner of the houſe afterwards diſcovering the hoard, became ſuddenly rich, without any viſible cauſe. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being Mayor of Leiceſter. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her ſervant maid, who has been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole tranſaction came to light.

## OF GENERAL BAU.

GENERAL Bau, a German officer, in the ſervice of Ruſſia, who contributed eſſentially to the elevation of the great Catherine, had orders to march to Holſtein with a body of troops, of which he had the command. He was a ſoldier of fortune,

and no one knew either his family or native place. One day, as he was encamped near Huſum, he invited the principal officers to dinner. As they were ſitting down to the table, they ſaw a plain miller and his wife brought into the tent, whom the General had ſent to his Aid-du-Camp to ſeek. The poor miller and his wife approached, trembling with apprehenſion. The General reconciled them to their ſituation, and made them ſit down beſide him to dinner; during which he aſked them a number of queſtions about their family. The good man told him, that he was the eldeſt ſon of a miller, like himſelf, and that he had two brothers in a mercantile line, and a ſiſter. But, ſays the General, had you not another brother beſides the two whom you have mentioned? The miller told him he had another brother, but he went to the wars very young, and as they had never heard of him, they ſuppoſed he was dead. The General reading in the eyes of the officers that they were ſurpriſed at his entertaining himſelf ſo long with queſtioning the poor man, turned to them and ſaid; "Gentlemen, you have always been curious to know from what family I ſprung; I now tell you, that I am not aſhamed of my origin, that I am the brother of this honeſt miller;—he has given you the hiſtory of my family." The General, after ſpending the day with his relations, in the feſtivity of which his officers heartily joined, took meaſures to better their fortune.

THE following Anecdote, which is of undoubted authenticity, will ſufficiently prove the decided ſuperiority, which, in addition to her other advantages, Great Britain poſſeſſes in the article of hardware. Some time ago a French Nobleman of diſtinction was introduced to a manufacturer of Birmingham, by whom he was ſhewn through the different workſhops, &c. where the various mechanical contrivances, the judicious arrangement of the buſineſs, and the high degree of poliſh to which the ſeveral articles were brought, attracted very ſtrongly the attention of the noble viſitor. At length, producing a gold ſnuff-box from his pocket, he ſaid, that it was ſomewhat ſtrange, that with our ſuperiority of ſkill, we could not equal the manufacture of that hinge. The proprietor of the manufactory took the box in his hand, and after viewing it for ſome time very attentively, he requeſted permiſſion to take it aſunder, aſſuring its owner that it ſhould ſuffer no damage. It was accordingly taken in pieces, when the manufacturer found his own initials on the inner edge of the box, which, though made the boaſt of French ingenuity, had been actually formed on the very ſpot where they ſtood.

## A CURIOUS MINISTERIAL.

A Certain Miniſter at a certain congreſs upon the continent, ſome years ago, having a grand entertainment, had, amongſt other diſhes, a very rich pye, which ſome of his Engliſh gueſts declared would have been excellent, if it had not been altogether ſo high ſeaſoned. The cook, informed of this objection, acquainted his excellency that he had a ſmaller pye of the ſame ſort, not quite ſo high, which he provided from a foreſight of what might happen. "Bring the pye," ſaid our Miniſter, "and let me aſk you gentlemen, continued he, turning to his countrymen, "whether you think an Engliſh blockhead would have had ſenſe enough to have thought of ſuch a contrivance."

They were ſtruck dumb with this piece of French ingenuity; but it was not long before they had an opportunity of returning his Lordſhip's compliment. The cook finding it very practicable to get ſafe into his own country, ſlipped away on the eve of the next grand entertainment with all his Excellency's *plate*, which put him to the trouble of excuſing himſelf to thoſe he had invited; one of his countrymen anſwered, ſmiling—"Does your Excellency think any Engliſh blockhead could have had ſenſe enough to have thought of ſuch a contrivance?"

## OF THE PRESENT DUKE OF NORFOLK.

SOME months ago, a worthy old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a large family on ſeventy pounds a year, being informed of the death of his rector, was adviſed to come to town, and apply to the Biſhop of London, in whoſe gift the living was, for the next preſentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to his Lordſhip's houſe, in St. James's-ſquare. By miſtake, he knocked at the next door, which is the Duke of Norfolk's; and inquiring of the ſervant if his maſter was at home, received an anſwer in the affirmative, but that he was then engaged. The old gentleman requeſted the ſervant to go up, and entreat his maſter to be at home to him, as his buſineſs was of much conſequence. The Duke, with that urbanity which diſtinguiſhes him, on being informed a reſpectable looking old clergyman wiſhed to ſpeak to him, deſired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occaſion of his viſit.

"My Lord," ſaid the old gentlemen, "the Rector of ——— is dead, and I was adviſed by my pariſhioners to come to town, and entreat the friendſhip and protection of your Lordſhip. I have ſerved the pariſh many years, and hope I have acquitted myſelf with propriety." "And pray whom do you take me for, Sir?" ſaid the Duke interrupting him, "The Biſhop of London, my Lord." His Grace immediately rang the bell, and a ſervant

entering—"John who am I?"—The Duke of Norfolk, Sir."—"Good God!" ſaid the Curate, ſtarting from the chair, "I humbly entreat your Grace's pardon, and aſſure you, that nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occaſioned ſuch a miſtake."—"Stop, ſtop, my good friend! you and I do not part thus—we muſt firſt take a glaſs together, and then ſee whether I cannot ſhew you the way to the Biſhop of London's houſe." His Grace and the Curate took the other bottle, found their way to the Biſhop's—and the old gentleman left St. James's-ſquare three hundred and forty pounds a year richer than he entered.

## IN THE REIGN OF CLAUDIUS.

IN the reign of Claudius, the fifth Roman Emperor, a conſpiracy was formed to dethrone him by Camillus, his lieutenant governor in Dalmatia; but the legions which had declared for Camillus, and acknowledged him as Emperor, in a few days abandoned and deſtroyed him.

The cruelty of Meſſalina and her minions upon this occaſion ſeemed to have no bounds. They ſo wrought upon the Emperor's fears and ſuſpicions, that numbers were executed without trial or proof. Among the numbers who were put to death on this occaſion, the pathetic cataſtrophe of Petus, and his faithful wife Arria, deſerve to be lamented. Cecina

Petus was once of thoſe unfortunate men, who joined with Camillus againſt the Emperor, and who, when his aſſociate was ſlain by the army, had endeavoured to eſcape into Dalmatia. However, he was there apprehended, and put on board a ſhip, in order to be conveyed to Rome. Arria, who had long been the partner of his affections and misfortunes, entreated his keepers to be taken in the ſame veſſel with her huſband. "It is uſual," ſhe ſaid, "to grant a man of his quality a few ſlaves, to dreſs, undreſs, and attend him; I myſelf will perform all theſe offices, and ſave you the trouble of a more numerous retinue." Her fidelity however, could not prevail.—She therefore hired a fiſherman's bark, and thus kept company with the ſhip in which her huſband was conveyed through the voyage.

They had an only ſon, equally remarkable for the beauty of his perſon, and the rectitude of his diſpoſition. This youth died at the ſame time his father was confined to his bed by a dangerous diſorder. However, the affectionate Arria concealed her ſon's death, and in her viſits to her huſband, teſtified no marks of ſadneſs. Being aſked how her ſon did, ſhe replied that he was at reſt, and only left her huſband's chamber to give a vent to her tears. When Petus was condemned to die, and the orders were that he ſhould put an end to his own life, Arria uſed every art to inſpire him with reſolution, and at length find him continue timid and wavering, ſhe took the poignard, and ſtabbing

herſelf in his preſence, preſented it to him, ſaying, "It gives me no pain my Petus."

## OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE Czar being one day at dinner at a foreign merchant's, whoſe daughter was very beautiful, fell violently in love, and preſſed her to make a return to his paſſion. But the young lady, as virtuous as beautiful, firmly refuſed the moſt ſeducing offers, and, dreading his ſolicitations, reſolved to leave Moſcow by night, without acquainting her parents.

Taking ſome proviſions and a little money with her, ſhe travelled ſeveral miles on foot, and at laſt reached a ſmall village, the abode of her nurſe. She diſcovered herſelf to her foſter ſiſter, whom ſhe informed of her intention to remain concealed. Her nurſe's huſband, a carpenter by trade, conducted her to a neighbouring wood, where, on a little riſing ground, ſurrounded by a moraſs, he haſtily built a hut for her reſidence.

The day after her flight, the Czar ſent for her parents, who were inconſolable for her loſs. He at firſt thought it a concerted ſcheme: but the violence of their grief undeceived him, and he promiſed a large reward to any one who ſhould diſcover the fugitive. All ſearch however was vain, and her parents went into mourning.

A year after, an accident a little uncommon,

occaſioned her diſcovery. A Colonel, who was abſent from his regiment on leave, made his way into the midſt of the wood in purſuit of game, came to the moraſs, and met the lady. Struck by her beauty, he immediately became enamoured of her, and, after a few queſtions, found that ſhe was the perſon whoſe loſs had made ſo much noiſe. He conſoled her, by telling her that the Czar's heart was engaged elſewhere; offered to wait on her parents, and concert with them the means of taking her from her ſolitary abode. She conſented to his propoſal, and accepted his aſſiſtance with gratitude, that led the way to ſofter emotions. Her parents, overjoyed at finding their daughter, determined to apply to Mrs. Catherine, for this was the name then given to the celebrated woman whom Peter afterwards placed upon his throne.

Catherine ſpoke to the Czar, and repreſented in ſuch lively colours all that a delicate girl muſt have ſuffered, ſhut up for a whole year in a hut, in the midſt of a moraſs, that he was much affected, reproached himſelf ſeverely with the pain he had given her, and determined to make her amends. He deſired to ſee her, her parents, and her deliverer; to the latter of whom he preſented her,—"Receive, from my hand," ſaid he, "the moſt amiable and virtuous of women. I ſettle upon her and her heirs three thouſand roubles a year."

This reſpectable woman went often to court, in full poſſeſſion of his favour, and the veneration of the public.

## OF DRYDEN.

Mr. DRYDEN happening to paſs an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rocheſter, Lord Dorſet, and others of the firſt diſtinction and reputation for genius, the converſation turned upon literary ſubjects; ſuch as the fineneſs of compoſition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the ſmoothneſs and elegance of ſtyle, &c. &c. After ſome debate, it was finally agreed, that each perſon preſent ſhould write ſomething upon whatever ſubject chanced to ſtrike the imagination, and place it under the candleſtick. Mr. Dryden was excepted againſt in every reſpect, but as a judge of the whole. Of courſe that office was aſſigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man moſt tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorſet; who, with much eaſe and compoſure, very cooly wrote two or three lines, and careleſly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the reſt had done ſo by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their deſtiny. In going through the whole, he diſcovered ſtrong marks of pleaſure and ſatisfaction; but at one, in particular, he diſcovered the moſt boundleſs rapture.

"I muſt acknowledge," ſays Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and ſuch as do honour to the perſonages who wrote

them; but I am under indiſpenſible neceſſity of giving the higheſt preference to Lord Dorſet. I muſt requeſt you will hear it yourſelves, Gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

'I promiſe to pay to John Dryden, Eſq. or order, on demand, the ſum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.'

"I muſt confeſs," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the ſtyle and the ſubject; and I flatter myſelf, Gentlemen, that I ſtand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion againſt yourſelves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the eſſence, but the quinteſſence of language; and is, in fact, reaſon and argument ſurpaſſing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each perſon preſent was forward to expreſs a due admiration of his Lordſhip's penetration, ſound judgment, and ſuperior abilities; with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon ſuch occaſions, was ſtill more thoroughly ſatisfied than any of the company.

## OF SOCRATES.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's bawling, went out of his houſe,

and ſat down before the door, to rid himſelf of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her ſcolding was not able to diſturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Thoſe that happened to ſee it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philoſopher told them, ſmiling, *I thought, indeed, that after ſo much thunder, we ſhould have ſome rain.*

## OF SWIFT.

SWIFT once ſtopping at an inn at Dundalk, ſent for a barber to ſhave him, who performed his office very dexterouſly, and being a prating fellow, amuſed the Dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean inquired of him who was the miniſter of the pariſh, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another?—The barber anſwered, that though the benefice was but ſmall, the incumbent was very rich.—"How the plague can that be?"—"Why, pleaſe your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, ſtockings, ſhoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and ſells them at an advanced price to the pariſhioners, and ſo picks up a penny.

The Dean was curious to ſee this vicar, and diſmiſſing the barber with a ſhilling, deſired the Landlord to go in his name, and aſk that gentleman, to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had

them; but I am under indiſpenſible neceſſity of giving the higheſt preference to Lord Dorſet. I muſt requeſt you will hear it yourſelves, Gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

'I promiſe to pay to John Dryden, Eſq. or order, on demand, the ſum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.'

"I muſt confeſs," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the ſtyle and the ſubject; and I flatter myſelf, Gentlemen, that I ſtand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion againſt yourſelves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the eſſence, but the quinteſſence of language; and is, in fact, reaſon and argument ſurpaſſing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each perſon preſent was forward to expreſs a due admiration of his Lordſhip's penetration, ſound judgment, and ſuperior abilities; with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon ſuch occaſions, was ſtill more thoroughly ſatisfied than any of the company.

## OF SOCRATES.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's bawling, went out of his houſe,

and ſat down before the door, to rid himſelf of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her ſcolding was not able to diſturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Thoſe that happened to ſee it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philoſopher told them, ſmiling, *I thought, indeed, that after ſo much thunder, we ſhould have ſome rain.*

OF SWIFT.

SWIFT once ſtopping at an inn at Dundalk, ſent for a barber to ſhave him, who performed his office very dexterouſly, and being a prating fellow, amuſed the Dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean inquired of him who was the miniſter of the pariſh, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another?—The barber anſwered, that though the benefice was but ſmall, the incumbent was very rich.—"How the plague can that be?"—"Why, pleaſe your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, ſtockings, ſhoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and ſells them at an advanced price to the pariſhioners, and ſo picks up a penny.

The Dean was curious to ſee this vicar, and diſmiſſing the barber with a ſhilling, deſired the Landlord to go in his name, and aſk that gentleman, to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had

beſpoke a yard of mutton, the name he uſually gave to the neck for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to viſit ſome ſick pariſhioners. Why then, ſaid the Dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dreſſed out in his beſt apparel, came to the inn, firſt inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had ſo kindly invited him. What the vengeance ſaid the ſervant, don't you know Dean Swift? at which the barber turned pale, ſaid his babbling tongue had ruined him: then ran into the houſe, fell upon his knees, and entreated the Dean not to put him in print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence ſhould put him into black and white, he ſhould loſe all his cuſtomers.

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's ſimplicity, bade him ſit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he aſſured him he would neither put him, or his wife, or the Vicar in print. After dinner, having got out of him the hiſtory of the whole pariſh, he diſmiſſed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

IN the twelfth century, that age of ſuperſtition, when ſcarce one perſon imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Biſhop of Lincoln, was diſtinguiſhed by a purity of

ſentiment and manners, then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godſtowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with ſilk hangings, and ſurrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Inquiring whoſe it was, he was anſwered, that it was the tomb of Roſamond, the miſtreſs of King Henry, who had been a great benefactreſs to that church.—"What! (exclaimed Saint Hugh) can money then obtain thoſe honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your houſe; but ſhe perſiſted in her guilt. Remove thoſe pompous ornaments from her tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone that can expiate a life of ſcandal and adultery."

THE celebrated Dr. Saunderſon, the blind Mathematical Profeſſor, of Cambridge, being in a very large company, obſerved, without any heſitation or inquiry, that a lady, who had juſt left the room, and whom he did not know, had very fine teeth. As this was really the caſe, he was queſtioned as to the means he employed in making ſuch a diſcovery.—I have no reaſon to think the lady a fool, ſaid the Doctor; and I have given the only reaſon ſhe could have, for keeping herſelf in a continual laugh for an hour together.

## OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THIS great Prince amuſed himſelf daily by mixing with the people, and often going into coffee-houſes *incog.* at Paris, where ſoon after his arrival he met with a perſon with whom he played at cheſs. The Emperor loſt his game, and wiſhed to play another; but the gentleman deſired to be excuſed, ſaying, he muſt go to the opera to ſee the Emperor. "What do you expect to ſee in the Emperor (ſays he;) there is nothing worth ſeeing in him, I can aſſure you; he is juſt like any other man." "No matter (ſays the gentleman) I have long had an irreſiſtible curioſity to ſee him: he is a very great man and I will not be diſappointed." "And is that really your only motive (ſaid the Emperor) for going to the opera?" "It really is" (replied the gentleman.) "Well then, if that is the caſe (ſays the Emperor) we may as well play another game now, *for you ſee him before you.*"

## OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, AFTERWARDS KING WILLIAM.

WHEN the Duke of Monmouth made his expidition to England he was countenanced in it by the Prince of Orange, as he pretended that his deſign of going, was to bring about a republic in

that kingdom. But when the Prince of Orange underſtood that he aimed at the crown, he was greatly alarmed, and ſent an expreſs to his father-in-law, King James, to acquaint him what number of forces he and Argyle had, and where they intended to land; and offered to come in perſon himſelf to head the army againſt him. This intelligence put a ſpeedy end to the rebellion, which might not have been ſo ſoon quaſhed, if the Prince of Orange had not perceived that he catched at the crown, which he longed ſo much for himſelf.

King James is blamed for cutting the Duke of Monmouth off ſo haſtily, and denying to hear what he had to ſay to him before his death: but this was owing to the advice of the Earl of Sunderland, and others of the King's counſel, who deceived the King in this matter, as they well knew that he would make diſcoveries, which would defeat the revolution which they were then meditating to effect, by putting the King upon meaſures to alienate the affections of his people from him. When the Prince of Orange was told by ſome, who were ignorant of the grand ſecret between them, that the Earl of Sunderland had turned Roman Catholic, he, without ſurpriſe, merrily replied, "Let him turn any thing, rather than turn out."

## OF MARGARET OF ANJOU.

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his Son and Queen (the illuſtrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provoſt has given us ſo entertaining a hiſtory) afraid of truſting to any perſon's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and deſerts, where they ſuffered all the extremity of diſtreſs, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal priſoners to make their eſcape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruffian, who approached them with a drawn ſword in his hand, and fury in his aſpect. On this occaſion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of preſence of mind and reſolution. Taking her ſon by the hand, and aſſuming an air of confidence and majeſty, "There, friend, ſaid ſhe, ſave my ſon, the ſon of good King Henry." The robber was ſtruck with the dignity and beauty of her perſon, as well as with the nature of her addreſs. He happened to be one of thoſe who had been outlawed for adhering to the cauſe of her huſband. His ſavage heart was melted into compaſſion at the at the ſight of his Queen and Prince in ſuch deplorable diſtreſs. He comforted them with aſſur-

ances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

---

## OF THE LATE MR. RALPH ALLEN.

THE late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has been universally honoured with the epithet of *good*, was originally born to no possession. A fund of good sense, however, showed him the most likely methods of procuring an immense estate; and his conduct proves the ancient adage, that 'every man is the maker of his own fortune.' The cross-posts all over England were of his contrivance: these he farmed from the government, and they turned out highly to his advantage. An estate, he purchased near Bath, was bought with equal prudence: it was found to contain a quarry, from which the stones for building the most beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this estate he gained such considerable sums, that, though he gave numberless benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thousand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young lady, whose father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which, when Mr. Allen knew, he generously portioned out his

miſtreſs from his own fortune, and gave her away himſelf to his own rival. The honours which ſo much virtue deſerved, were amply recompenſed by Mr. Pope, in theſe fine lines:

'*Let modeſt Allen, with ingenuous ſhame,*
'*Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.*'

## OF SIR GEORGE RODNEY.

DURING Sir George Rodney's late reſidence in Paris, ſo great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monſieur de Sartine, no ſtranger to his profeſſional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French Weſt India fleet, with a ſum of money that ſhould reſtore him to independence. The Duke, in conſequence of this invited Sir George to ſpend a month at his houſe, and in the courſe of that time frequently ſounded him with great delicacy on the ſubject; but not being able to make himſelf properly underſtood, he at laſt openly declared to him, "that as his Royal Maſter meant the Weſt Indies to be the theatre of the preſent war, he was commiſſioned to make the handſomeſt offers to Sir George, if he would quit the Engliſh ſervice, and take upon him the command of a French ſquadron."

Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, ſpiritedly made him this anſwer: "Sir, my diſtreſſes, it is true, have driven me from the boſom of my country; but no temptation whatever can eſtrange me from her ſervice. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I ſhould have deemed it an inſult; but I am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quarter that can do no wrong!"

The Duke de Biron was ſo ſtruck with the public virtue of the old Britiſh tar, that he inſtantly exclaimed—"it is a pity ſo gallant an officer ſhould be loſt to his country. Will a thouſand louis-d'ors enable you to reviſit it, and tender your ſervices to your Sovereign?" The other replied they would. The Duke immediately advanced him the ſum, with which Sir George ſet out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week, before he returned the Duke's loan, accompanied with the moſt grateful letter for the ſingular obligation he had ſo politely conferred upon him.

## OF MR. QUIN.

MR. QUIN, the celebrated comedian, was a gentleman whoſe humour has given life to the converſation of thouſands who perhaps never had the pleaſure of ſeeing him; and the ſtory that follows does honour to his memory.

Mr. Thomſon, a Scotch gentleman, univerſally

known by his fine poems on the Seaſons, on Liberty, &c. when he firſt came to London, was in very narrow circumſtances; and, before he was diſtinguiſhed by his writings, was many times put to his ſhifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication of his Seaſons, one of his creditors arreſted him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seaſons, but had never ſeen the author; and upon ſtricter inquiry he was told, that Thomſon was in the bailiff's hands at a ſpunging-houſe in Holborn: thither Quin went; and being admitted into his chamber; Sir, ſaid he, in his uſual tone of voice, you do not know me, I believe, but my name is Quin. Mr. Thomſon received him politely, and ſaid, that though he could not boaſt of the honour of a perſonal acquaintance, he was no ſtranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to ſit down. Quin then told him he was come to ſup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide a ſupper, which he hoped he would excuſe. Mr. Thomſon made the proper reply, and then the diſcourſe turned indifferently upon ſubjects of literature.

When the ſupper was over, and the glaſs had gone round briſkly, Mr. Quin then took occaſion to explain himſelf, by ſaying it was now time to enter upon buſineſs. Mr. Thomſon declared he

was ready to ſerve him, as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he ſhould command (thinking he was come about ſome affair relating to the drama.) Sir, ſays Mr. Quin, you miſtake my meaning: I am in your debt; I owe you an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you. Mr. Thomſon, with a diſconſolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman, whom, to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he ſhould ſeek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. No, by G—d ſaid Quin, raiſing his voice, I'd be d—n'd before I would do that. I ſay, I owe you an hundred pounds, and there it is (laying a bank note of that value before him.) Mr. Thomſon was aſtoniſhed, and begged he would explain himſelf. Why, ſays Quin, I'll tell you.—Soon after I had read your Seaſons, I took it into my head, that as I had ſomething in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will, and among the reſt of my legatees, I ſet down the Author of the Seaſons an hundred pounds; and this day hearing that you was in this houſe, I thought I might as well have the pleaſure of paying the money myſelf, as to order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have leſs need of it; and this, Mr. Thomſon, is the buſineſs I came about. I need not expreſs Mr. Thomſon's grateful acknowledgments, but leave every reader to conceive them.

## AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

MAHMOUD, who conquered Perſia and India towards the end of the tenth century, was a Tartar. He is hardly known at preſent in this Weſtern part of the world, except by the anſwer of a poor woman, that applied to him in India for juſtice againſt a perſon who had robbed and murdered her ſon, in the province of Yrac in Perſia.—"How would you have me do juſtice at ſuch a diſtance?" ſaid the Sultan. "Why then," replied the mother, "did you conquer when you could not govern us?"

## OF THE DUTCHESS OF WIRTEMBERG.

THIS Princeſs is of all women in Europe, moſt free from religious prejudices.

The governeſſes who were intruſted with the education of the Princeſſes, her daughters, were directed to inſtruct them in the morality of religion, but never to ſpeak to them upon any of thoſe *ſpeculative* points on which the different ſects of Chriſtians are divided.

The reaſon aſſigned by her Highneſs for the adoption of this ſyſtem of education, was this—That as there were in Germany and other parts of Europe, Princes of different religions; and as her Highneſs could not foreſee by which of them

her daughters might be demanded in marriage, it was not fit or reaſonable that merely ſpeculative opinions ſhould ſtand in the way of their happineſs and advancement.

The Dutcheſs ſaid, that in adopting this mode of education, ſhe conſulted the peace of mind of her children. For as it was generally expected that the wife ſhould conform to the religion of her huſband (particularly in marriages between ſovereign Princes,) ſo it it would be leſs painful to her daughters to take up a new religion, when they could not be ſaid to ſacrifice an old one.

The daughters of the Dutcheſs have derived no inconſiderable benefits from this plan laid down by their mother.

One of them was demanded in marriage for the Grand Duke of Muſcovy, or Ruſſia, ſon and heir to the late Empreſs of Ruſſia; to whom ſhe has already born two ſons. Her Imperial Highneſs, immediately after her marriage, made profeſſion of the religion of the Greek church, which is eſtabliſhed in Ruſſia. In doing this ſhe did not change her religion, but aſſumed one for the firſt time.

Her ſiſter, Princeſs Elizabeth, was choſen by the preſent Emperor of Germany, as a fit conſort for his nephew the Archduke Francis, ſon and heir of his brother the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, and the future head of the houſe of Auſtria.

This Princeſs was ſent to Vienna, where ſhe became a Roman Catholic, and was married to the young Archduke, juſt before the opening of the laſt

campaign, in which her royal Conſort was obliged to take a ſhare a week after her marriage; ſo that he was forced to tear himſelf from the arms of his new bride, to encounter the perils and fatigues of war.

Thus the Dutcheſs of Wirtemberg is likely to be the mother of two Empreſſes, who will owe their Imperial crowns to the liberal and unprejudiced education derived from the good ſenſe of their provident parent.

Perhaps the greatneſs of the family of Wertemberg may not ſtop here. Sultan Selim, ſon to the laſt, and nephew to the reigning Emperor of the Turks, is the preſumptive heir to the vaſt dominions of the Turkiſh empire.

Should this young Prince break through the cuſtom of the ſeraglio and take a wife; and ſhould he make choice of one at the Court of Studgard, the Dutcheſs has ſtill an unmarried daughter, who would be an ornament to the empire of the Creſcent, or to any other.

The religion of Mahomet could be no objection to the union. The counſels by which the Court of Studgard is governed, are founded in liberality. The creſcent is not a leſs brilliant ornament to a crown than a croſs.

## OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the Great cauſed many foreign books to be tranſlated into the Ruſſian language, and among others, "Puffendorff's Introduction to the States of Europe." A monk to whom the tranſlation of this book was committed, preſented it ſome time after to the Emperor, who, turning over the leaves, changed countenance at one particular chapter, and turning to the monk with an indignant air: "Fool," ſaid he, "what did I order thee to do? Is this a tranſlation?" Then referring to the original, he ſhewed him a paragraph, in which the author had ſpoken with great aſperity of the Ruſſians, and which the tranſlator had omitted. "Go inſtantly," ſaid he; "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my ſubjects, that I have this book tranſlated and printed, but to inſtruct and reform them."

A MOST egregious fop ordered his ſervant not to ſuffer any body to intrude upon him, becauſe he was going to *Adonize* himſelf. A lady called ſhortly after this injunction, and inquired of the ſervant for his maſter. "Madam," ſaid he, "you cannot ſee my maſter."—"But I muſt, I have very particular buſineſs with him," returned the lady; "pray why can't I ſee him?"—"Becauſe," replied the valet, "he is but this moment gone up to *Idolize* himſelf."

## OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE late Doctor Stukely, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but, as it was near his dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl; and covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay; and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and without emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile, "See," he says, "what we studious people are! I forgot that I had dined."

## OF SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

SIR William Wyndham, when a very young man, had been out one day at a stag hunt. In returning from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate, standing round a fortune-teller, who pretended, at least to be deaf and

dumb; and, for a ſmall gratification, wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a bit of chalk, anſwers to ſuch queſtions as the men and maids put to him by the ſame methods.

As Sir William rode by, the conjuror made ſigns that he was inclinable to tell his fortune, as well as the reſt; and, in good humour, he would have complied, but not readily finding a queſtion to aſk, the conjuror took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with theſe words, very legible, 'Beware of a white horſe.' Sir William ſmiled at the abſurdity of the man, and thought no more of it for ſeveral years. But in 1690, being on his travels in Italy, and accidentally at Venice, as he was one day paſſing through St. Mark's Place in his calaſh, he obſerved a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. He deſired his driver to ſtop, and they found it was occaſioned by a mountebank, who alſo pretended to tell fortunes; conveying his ſeveral predictions to the people by means of a long, narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleaſure, as occaſion required. Among others, Sir William Wyndham held up a piece of money; upon which the ſoothſayer immediately directed the tube to his carriage, and ſaid to him very diſtinctly in Italian, "Signior Ingleſe, cavetell blanco cavallo;" which in Engliſh is; "Mr. Engliſhman, beware of a white horſe." Sir William immediately recollected what had been before told him, and took it for granted that the Britiſh fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he

had made his ſpeech; and was curious to know the truth of it. However, upon inquiry, he was aſſured that the preſent fellow had never been out of Italy; nor did he underſtand any language but his mother tongue. Sir William was ſurpriſed, and mentioned ſo whimſical a circumſtance to ſeveral people. But in a ſhort time this alſo went out of his head, like the former prediction of the ſame kind. We need inform few of our readers of the ſhare which Sir William Wyndham had in the tranſactions of government, during the laſt four years of Queen Anne; in which a deſign to reſtore the ſon of James II. to that throne, which his father had ſo juſtly forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on king George's arrival, puniſhed, by forcing into baniſhment, or putting to priſon, all the perſons ſuſpected to have entered into the combination; among the latter of theſe was Sir William Wyndham, who, in the year 1715, was committed priſoner to the Tower. Over the innergate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was now ſome alterations to be made in conſequence of the ſucceſſion of the Houſe of Burnſwick; and juſt as Sir William's chariot was paſſing through to carry him to priſon, the painter was at work, adding the white horſe, the arms of the Elector of Hanover.

It ſtruck Sir William forcibly: he immediately recollected the two ſingular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almoſt every one who

came to ſee him in his confinement; and though not ſuperſtitious, he always ſpoke of it as a prophecy fully accompliſhed. But here he was miſtaken (if there was any thing prophetic in it) for, many years after being out a hunting, he had the misfortune of being thrown from his ſaddle in leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horſe.

## OF THE FAMOUS EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE general character of this Nobleman, who is equally celebrated for his bravery and his parts, is well known. He wrote thoſe exquiſitely neat and elegant lines in Pope's and Swift's Miſcellany, beginning with, "I ſaid to my heart between ſleeping and waking."—Four Letters in Pope's collection, and a few other things of ſmall account, mentioned in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Mrs. Howard, afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk, who knew him very well, uſed to relate the following ſingular anecdote of him, which ſhe had from his own mouth.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a paſſion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had ſeen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-houſe near Charing-Croſs, and entreated him to get it for her,

The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which ſhe refuſed. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the ſame colour, with nearly the ſame marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the houſe. The miſtreſs of it uſually ſat in a room behind the bar, to which he had eaſy acceſs. Contriving to ſend her out of the way, he effected his purpoſe; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the houſe, to avoid ſuſpicion; but forebore ſaying any thing of the bird, till about two years after, when taking occaſion to ſpeak of it, he ſaid to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, and you refuſed my money for it; I dare ſay you are by this time ſorrow for it." "Indeed, Sir," anſwered the woman, "I am not; nor would I take any ſum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not ſung a note!"

## OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

THE famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a pretty many of his men; at length the parſon refuſed to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unleſs he was paid

for it; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered ſix men of his company to carry the corpſe of the ſoldier then dead, and lay him upon the parſon's hall table. This ſo embaraſſed the prieſt, that he ſent the captain word, "*if he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*"

---

## OF SANTEUIL.

SANTEUIL, a celebrated writer of Latin hymns, in France, during the laſt century, having once a confeſſional dreſs on, a lady who took him for a confeſſor, fell upon her knees, and recounted all her ſins. The poet muttered ſomething to himſelf. The penitent thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedneſs, haſtened the concluſion of her confeſſion; and, when ſhe found the confeſſor quite ſilent, ſhe then aſked him for abſolution. "What! do you take me for a prieſt"? ſaid Santeuil,—"Why, then," ſaid the lady, quite alarmed, "did you liſten to me"?—"And why," replied Santeuil, "did you ſpeak to me"?—"I'll this inſtant go and complain to your prior," ſaid the enraged female. "And I," ſaid the poet, "will go to your huſband, and give him a full account of your conduct."

## AN EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINAL ANECDOTE.

THE Father of Chancellor Aligre, in France, was a man of ſuch a cold and phlegmatic habit, that all means employed to purge him had long proved ineffectual. His phyſician, however, judging a purge neceſſary, called his ſervant aſide, and gave him the doſe, deſiring him at the ſame time to endeavour to put his maſter in a paſſion, and then to make him ſwallow the potion. The ſervant went into the doctor's ſcheme, and next morning early entered his maſter's chamber with precipitation, opened the curtains in a noiſy manner, and waked him out of a calm and gentle ſleep. M. Aligre, rubbing his eyes, beheld his ſervant without the leaſt emotion, and only aſked him, what it was o'clock? About an hour after, the ſervant having once miſſed his aim, reſolved to make a ſecond trial; whilſt he was warming his maſter's ſhirt, he let it fall into the fire, and brought it half burnt to M. Aligre, who, with a ſerene countenance, deſired him to warm another. The ſervant beginning to think that he muſt do ſomething yet more provoking, in order to gain his point, threw down and broke in pieces, ſix curious Venice glaſſes, of which his maſter was peculiarly fond, "It is indeed a pity," ſaid M. Aligre, with the moſt unruffled calmneſs of voice and mind, "for they were really very handſome." After this, the ſervant deſpaired of accompliſhing his purpoſe, when a client came

n, who had an affair of conſequence which required much thought, to lay before M. Aligre." This lient, who was lively and full of motion, had on a ot of taffeta, which made a ruſtling diſagreeable ind of a noiſe, as often as he changed his geſtures, nd diſturbing the attention of M. Aligre, put him o far out of humour, as to make him ſay in an ngry tone, "Pray, Sir, oblige your coat to keep lence, if you have a mind that I ſhould hear you." he ſervant ſeized this lucky moment to adminiſter he doſe, and it produced its effect.

## OF ANAXAGORAS.

ANAXAGORAS was the tutor of the famous ericles, to whom, in the adminiſtration of public airs, he had been of the utmoſt ſervice; and ſoon ding himſelf neglected in his old age by Pericles, wrapped his cloak about his head, and threw mſelf on the ground, in the fixed reſolution to rve himſelf. Pericles hearing of this accidentally, n with the utmoſt haſte to the philoſopher's houſe. e conjured him in the ſtrongeſt and moſt moving rms, not to throw his life away, adding, that it as not Anaxagoras, but himſelf that was to be mented, if he was ſo unfortunate as to loſe ſo iſe and faithful a friend; one who was capable of ving himſelf wholeſome counſels, with regard to e preſſing occaſion of the ſtate. Anaxagoras

then, uncovering a little his head, ſpoke to him thus, "Pericles, thoſe who uſe a lamp take care to feed it with oil." This was a gentle, and at the ſame time, a ſtrong and piercing reproach. Pericles ought to have ſupplied his wants unaſked. Many lamps are extinguiſhed in this manner in a country, by the criminal negligence of thoſe who ought to ſupply them.

---

## OF THE UNFORTUNATE CHATTERTON.

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amuſing himſelf one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was ſo deep ſunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was juſt dug, he tumbled into it. His friend obſerving his ſituation, ran to his aſſiſtance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in aſſiſting at the reſurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton ſmiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—"My dear friend, I feel the ſting of a ſpeedy diſſolution—I have been at war with the grave for ſome time, and find it is not ſo eaſy to vanquiſh it as I imagined—we can find an aſylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adverſity combined, ſubjugate? In three days after the neglected and diſconſolate youth put an end to his miſeries by poiſon.

## OF JOSEPH II. EMPEROR OF GERMANY, WHILE HE WAS IN PARIS, UPON A VISIT TO HIS SISTER, THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

### RELATED BY CHEVALIER COUDRAY.

THE preſent Emperor of Germany, during his reſidence in Paris, A. D. 1777, viſited many perſons of both ſexes; and he never favoured any one with this honour, who did not experience his bounty. Nor was he more liberal of his preſents, than of the moſt flattering expreſſions, and moſt encouraging compliments. He often ſaid, to thoſe who were at pains to ſhew their reſpect to him, "Be covered; you conſtrain me; put on your hat, "otherwiſe I ſhall take off mine. Go not to the "door with me; your time is precious. No com-"pliment; tell me the truth, I ſeek to know it. "Speak to me with freedom; I love it. Diſguiſe "nothing; I wiſh to be informed."

II. The Emperor, as on moſt other occaſions, went *incog.* to ſee the menagerie at Verſaillies, accompanied by one perſon. The keeper told him politely, that it was not cuſtomary to ſhew it until a ſufficient number of ſpectators were aſſembled. He waited with patience, and entertained himſelf with walking among the trees. The company aſſemble by degrees; the gates are opened; and the Emperor enters with the crowd. The keeper, at length, told the company, "Ladies and Gentlemen,

" I entreat you to make haſte; we expect the " Emperor; and it will be neceſſary that every " body go out whenever he arrives." The illuſtrious traveller made no reply, but continued to ſatisfy his curioſity. As he went out he ordered his conductor to give ten louis' to the keeper of the menagerie.

III. The following is an anecdote of his gaiety. He had gone to ſee the college of the four nations, which ſtill borrows its name from Mazarin. Meeting with a ſchoolboy, he careſſed him, aſked him in what claſs he ſtudied, and who he was. " Sir," replied the boy, " I am Emperor."— " Very well," ſaid his Majeſty, " give me your " hand." He accompanied this pleaſantry with a penſion of twelve hundred livres, which were to be augmented in proportion as the young ſcholar advanced in his ſtudies.

IV. It is related, that going to the coffee-houſe of the Regency, near the Royal Palace, in order to amuſe himſelf with the game of cheſs, for which that coffee-houſe has been long famous, he was ſurpriſed at finding nobody to play with him, and aſked the reaſon: " Why," ſaid the landlady, " it " is the Emperor, who is juſt going to the Royal " Palace. This misfortune has happened to me " frequently. I ſhall not be able to ſell any thing " this morning. All Paris muſt ſee the Emperor; " but it is ſurely natural to eſteem thoſe who do

" much good." Three or four perſons came in, but all refuſe to play, on account of the Emperor, who was expected. He himſelf continues alone in the coffee-room, converſes with the landlady, and, among other queſtions, aſks her whether ſhe had herſelf ſeen the Emperor. She replied, that her ſituation of life had as yet deprived her of that advantage; but that ſhe hoped ſo to contrive matters, as to eſcape one morning to ſee him at his hotel; becauſe ſhe knew that he was eaſy of acceſs to perſons of all conditions. The Emperor ſaid nothing in return, for this civility, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a louis d'or of the preſent reign, and added, as he gave it her, " *There* is Lewis the Sixteenth; and *here* is the " Emperor."

V. The Emperor once laid aſide his *incog.* which, in general, he ſo carefully obſerved. While the queen was at play, he ſtood behind the chair of Madam A' Delaide, and had his hands placed on it, when that princeſs ſaid to him, with a gracious ſmile, " Sir, you begin to forget your *incog.*" He replied, with vivacity, " One eaſily forgets it, " Madam, when near to you."

VI. This illuſtrious traveller had heard of the wonderful talents of the Abbé L'Epec, who teaches people, born deaf, to ſpeak, and to communicate their ideas to others. Accordingly he went to his houſe, in order to convince himſelf of the reports

which he had heard, and which he ſuppoſed might be exaggerated. He converſed with him a long time, and aſked ſeveral pertinent queſtions concerning his ſingular profeſſion. Being fully ſatisfied by his anſwers, he inquired whether there were no perſons to whom he could communicate a ſecret ſo neceſſary and uſeful to humanity. The Abbé replied, that he had addreſſed himſelf to government, for obtaining two perſons, properly qualified, in order to be inſtructed by him; but that his demand had not been attended to. The Emperor aſſured him, that he would ſeek out two intelligent perſons at Vienna, who ſhould be placed under the Abbé's direction; and after they were made acquainted with his wonderful art, ſhould be then employed in the aſſiſtance of humanity. He then took leave, not permitting the Abbé to accompany him, adding theſe memorable words:—"Your "time, Sir, is too precious to be waſted in vain "ceremony: you owe an account of it to God." As he went out, he left on a deſk two ſlips of paper, filled with twenty-five louis' each, for the benefit of the indigent people whom the humane and virtuous Abbé keeps in his houſe. Next day, he ſent him, by his maſter of horſe, a gold ſnuff-box, with his picture.

VII. The Emperor's generoſity, while in France, was not confined to men of diſtinguiſhed merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purſe was always open, whenever he met with a proper,

though obſcure, object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-houſe, he aſked for a diſh of chocolate. He was ſimply dreſſed, and the waiters inſolently refuſed it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without ſaying a word, and went into a ſmall coffee-houſe, nicknamed the One-eyed. He aſked for a diſh of chocolate, and the landlord anſwered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-houſe was empty, he walked up and down, and was converſing on different ſubjects, when the daughter of the houſe, a very pretty girl, came down ſtairs. The Emperor wiſhed her a good day, the ordinary ſalutation in France, and ſaid to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas!" replied the old man, "if I had a thouſand crowns, I could marry her "to a handſome man, who is fond of her;—but "the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, aſked for pen, ink, and paper. The girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed. *The Emperor gave her an order on his banker for ſix thouſand livres.*

VIII. A ſimilar adventure is related to have happened at Vienna, where the Emperor walks about on foot, and mixes with the crowd, in the ſame manner that he did at Paris. A child of nine years of age addreſſed him thus: "Sir, I have "never begged; but my mother is dying; I muſt "have twenty-pence to get a phyſician. We have

" not twenty-pence; oh! if your Majeſty would " give us twenty-pence, how happy ſhould we be." The Emperor gave it, and aſked the name and place of abode of the ſick perſon. As ſoon as the boy was gone, the Emperor put on a cloak belonging to one of his attendants, went to the poor woman's houſe, preſcribed for her, and retired. The child comes in a minute after, with his twenty-pence and his doctor. The woman, ſurpriſed, ſaid ſhe had already had a viſit, and ſhewed the recipe. The doctor looks at it, and ſees a note, with the ſignature of his Imperial Majeſty, for a penſion to her of fifty ducats.

IX. With ſuch manners, and ſo much goodneſs of heart, it is not ſurpriſing that the Emperor ſhould be adored in his dominions, and that all ranks of people ſhould ſhew uncommon eagerneſs and curioſity to ſee and know him. In his journey to France, he ſtopped at a village ſituated near a foreſt. While dinner was getting ready, he walked out, with a ſingle gentleman, to ſee the neighbourhood of the place, which was ſaid to be curious. Travelling too far into the wood, they loſt their way, and were wandering in ſearch of it, when they perceived a long avenue, which led to a caſtle. They reſolved to follow it; and being arrived at the houſe, aſked for the landlord. The ſervants told them he was from home, but ſhewed them into the hall, that they might reſt themſelves, while they acquainted the landlady. After common

compliments, ſhe made dinner be ſerved up, and begged they would permit her to leave them a little, in order to ſee the Emperor. They anſwered, that as they belonged to his Imperial Majeſty's ſuite, they were ſure he would not paſs ſo ſoon. "You "give me your word for it gentlemen, otherwiſe I "ſhould go and join my huſband."

During the time of dinner, they ſpoke on different ſubjects, and a great deal of the Emperor. The lady extolled his talents and virtues, the eminent qualities of his heart and underſtanding. "In a word," ſaid ſhe, "he is an accompliſhed "model of a perfect prince, and I die of curioſity "to ſee him. You have aſſured me, gentlemen, "he will not paſs for two hours." They anſwered again, "That they were ſure of it."

At length it was neceſſary for them to be gone, and to unravel the plot. The Emperor took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid, "Madam, you are very "deſirous to ſee the Emperor." Oh! yes, Sir, he "is ſo good a prince." "I can in ſome meaſure "ſatisfy your curioſity:—here is a golden ſnuff-box "with his picture." The lady accepts it, and ſees the portrait of the illuſtrious ſtranger, whom ſhe has within her houſe. Tears of joy and ſatisfaction run down her cheeks.—A mute panegyric,—but, on that account, the more flattering to the ſuſceptible heart of the Emperor.

X. The Emperor is juſtly called the Titus of Germany. That worthy Roman lamented having

loſt a day; and I am told, by unqueſtionable authority, that Joſeph II. allows no day to paſs at Vienna, which is not diſtinguiſhed by ſome act of bounty or humanity.

An old Auſtrian officer, who had but a ſmall penſion that was inſufficient for the demands of his family, came to wait on the Emperor, explained his indigent condition, and entreated his compaſſion, adding "that he had ten children alive." The Emperor deſirous to know the certainty of this affair, went to the officer's houſe in diſguiſe, and inſtead of ten, found eleven children. "Why "eleven?" "It is a poor orphan," replied the ſoldier, "that I took into my houſe from motives "of charity." The Prince immediately ordered an hundred florins to be given to each of his children.

XI. At the houſe of Mr. Le Moine, one of the beſt ſtatuaries in Europe, he ſaw a buſt of the Counteſs of Barry. He aſked whether it was like her, and not too flattering? He ſaw likewiſe another buſt, and aſked whoſe it was. Le Moine replied, that it was the buſt of Helvetius. "I am "very ſorry" ſaid the Emperor, "that he is dead; "I ſhould have been happy to have ſeen, and to "have converſed with him."

OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

A Catholic Prieſt was proſecuted in the court of King's Bench for having ſaid maſs. Many witneſſes appeared againſt him. Lord Mansfield, who preſided then in that court, ſaid to the informer, the principal witneſs, "You are ſure that this "man is a popiſh prieſt, and that he ſaid maſs?"—The man anſwered, "Yes." The judge replied, "You know then what a maſs is?"—The witneſs was confuſed and ſilent. Lord Mansfield, then addreſſing the jury, ſaid, "To find this man guilty, "you muſt have full proof that he ſaid maſs; and "it muſt be proved to you, that it was the maſs "which this man ſaid, when the witneſſes ſaw him "performing acts, which they took to be the maſs. "You muſt judge for yourſelves, whether your "conſcience is entirely ſatisfied on this point." The jury aſked the witneſſes, and aſked each other, what were the ceremonies which conſtituted a maſs; and not being able to obtain a ſatisfactory anſwer, they acquitted the priſoner.

What a happineſs to meet with ſo wiſe a judge! But it is an unfortunate circumſtance, when a judge is obliged to be wiſer and more humane than the law.

II. The following anecdote is more intereſting ſtill; for in exhibiting a new proof of the wiſdom and ſuperior intelligence of Lord Mansfield, it

throws ſome light on the ſpirit of the multitude in general, and particularly on the character of the Engliſh people, when even in their paſſions they are ſpoken to in the name of the law.

This great magiſtrate being in one of the counties, on the circuit, a poor woman was indicted for witchcraft. The inhabitants of the place were exaſperated againſt her. Some witneſſes depoſed that they had ſeen her walk in the air, with her feet upwards and her head downwards. Lord Mansfield heard the evidence with great tranquillity, and perceiving the temper of the people, whom it would not have been prudent to irritate, he thus addreſſed them: "I do not doubt that this woman "has walked in the air, with her feet upwards, "ſince you have all ſeen it; but ſhe has the honour "to be born in England, as well as you and I, and, "conſequently, cannot be judged but by the laws "of the country, nor puniſhed but in proportion as "ſhe has violated them. Now I know not one law "that forbids walking in the air with the feet "upwards. We have all a right to do it with "impunity. I ſee no reaſon, therefore, for this "proſecution; and this poor woman may return "home when ſhe pleaſes." This ſpeech had its proper effect. It appeaſed the auditory, and the woman retired from the court without moleſtation.

## OF HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, A. D. 1787.

THE ignorance of thoſe whoſe ſituation required them to be otherwiſe, ſhocked Henry greatly. He rallied them with keenneſs, and no leſs ſpared thoſe who affected ill placed knowledge. He did not approve that the Cardinal de Bourbon, of whoſe theological knowledge he had no high opinion, ſhould aſſiſt at the aſſembly of the biſhops, appointed to inſtruct: "Couſin," ſaid he to him, "if this "buſineſs was to be determined between us two, "although I am no great divine, and you are a "Cardinal, I ſhould not be afraid to enter the liſts "with you, and perhaps the victory would at leaſt "remain doubtful. But let us leave it to theſe "gentlemen, who know more of the matter than "either you or I."

II. One of Henry's taylors, all on a ſudden, turned lawyer, and being adviſed to preſent the King with a book filled with regulations and ſchemes which, he pretended, were neceſſary for the good of the nation, Henry took it, and having read a few pages, which fully diſcloſed the folly of its author: "Friend," ſays he to one of his valets, "go and bring hither my chancellor, to take mea-"ſure of me for a ſuit of clothes, ſince here is my "taylor wanting to make laws."

III. But he diſguiſed his reproaches with a kind indulgence, and even corrected by a delicate method of praiſing, with regard to thoſe who had, in other reſpects, good ſenſe and uſeful talents. He would, laughing, ſay ſometimes, "With my "conſtable, who knows not how to write, and "my chancellor, who does not underſtand Latin, "there is nothing that I am not able to under-"take."

IV. Henry read with pleaſure every thing that was publiſhed concerning his operations; for under his reign, every one enjoyed free liberty of ſpeaking, writing, and printing; and Truth, which he ſought after every where, came in her turn, even to the throne to ſeek him. The greateſt compliment which can be paid to kings, is to believe them worthy to attend to her voice. Unhappy muſt that reign be, where the hiſtory of it is obliged to conceal its author. L' Etoile relates, that Henry having read the book called the *Anti-Soldier*, aſked his ſecretary of ſtate, Villeroy, if he had ſeen this work, and upon his replying in the negative: "It is right you ſhould ſee it," ſaid he, "for it is "a book which takes me finely to taſk; but is ſtill "more ſevere on you."

V. He was deſired to puniſh an author who had written ſome free ſatires on the court: "It would "be againſt my conſcience," ſaid this good prince, "to trouble an honeſt man for having told the "truth."

VI. Henry ſometimes took the liberty of laughing at pedants; he hated cold and prolix preachers, and did not love triflers. One day, ſeeing a bad poet paſs by in a coach and ſix, on his return from Savoy, where he had made a fortune; "Never," ſaid he ſmiling, "would this man have got ſuch a "fine equipage in France, as that which draws "him."

VII. A poet once preſented himſelf to the King, with a confidence which exceeded his poetical talents; but the King, not knowing either his perſon or his writings, aſked him what was the nature of his occupation? "Sire, I make anagrams, but I "am very poor." "I believe ſo indeed," ſaid Henry, "for you have made choice of a bad "trade."

VIII. The evening before the battle of Ivry, Henry wrote to the fair Gabrielle, "If I am con-"quered, you know me well enough to believe I "ſhall not fly; but my laſt thought ſhall be of "heaven, and the laſt but one ſhall be of you."

IX. In times of greater tranquillity he wrote her this charming billet: "I write you, my beſt "love, from the foot of your picture, which I "adore merely becauſe it was drawn for you, not "that it reſembles you; of this I muſt be a com-"petent judge, having painted you in all perfection "in my ſoul, in my mind, in my eyes, and in my "heart."

X. In another letter he thus expreſſes himſelf: "My beauteous love, two hours after the arrival "of this courier, you will ſee a cavalier who loves "you much. They call him King of France and "Navarre, which are certainly honourable, though "very painful titles. That of being your ſubject "is infinitely more delightful. All three together "are good; and let what will happen, I have re- "ſolved never to yield them to any one."

XI. Henry made a noble diſtinction from the uſual hiſtory of kings. The honeſteſt man in the kingdom was his beſt friend. But the ſeverity of Sully gained him many enemies; for a good miniſter will always be oppoſed by bad men. They were continually forming plots againſt him. Sully ſometimes complained of it to the King: "My "friend," ſaid the Prince in anſwer, "this is a "matter which I will not ſay often happens, but "is always the caſe, that thoſe who conduct great "affairs, muſt be ſubject to envy. You yourſelf "know that I am not exempt from it, neither "from the Proteſtants, nor Roman Catholics. "You have only to do as I do, who apply to you "for advice when any thing troubles me, let it "be ever ſo trifling; and do you always conſult "my opinion in whatever happens to you, regard- "ing me as the moſt faithful friend you have, and "the kindeſt maſter that can be."

XII. Before the battle of Ivry he thus addreſſed

his ſoldiers: " You are Frenchmen,—I am your " King,—there is the enemy." Then taking off his helmet, which was ornamented with a plume of white feathers, " My children," ſaid he, " keep your ranks properly. If the ſtandard " ſhould be loſt, here is the ſignal for rallying. " Follow me; you ſhall always find me in the road " to honour and victory." What muſt thoſe ſoldiers be who would not be led on by ſuch expreſſions?

XIII. What could be finer than the eulogium he made on Armand de Biron to his ambaſſadors? " Gentlemen, this is the mareſchal de Biron, whom " I preſent equally to my friends and enemies."

XIV. What could do greater honour to all his brave ſoldiers, than the reply he made to the Spaniſh ambaſſador. Being ſurrounded and preſſed upon by his officers at court, the proud Spaniard was ſhocked with ſo much familiarity. " You ſee " nothing here," ſaid the King: " They preſs upon " me much more in the day of battle."

XV. Obliged from his youth to live in the midſt of his enemies, no prince ever ſtudied more the knowledge of mankind than Henry IV. He was in that ſituation which made it neceſſary to obſerve; for he was in a ſtate of adverſity. Accuſtomed to converſe with them, he had acquired ſo quick a preception, that he pretended he could

gueſs by their eyes what paſſed in their hearts. In conſequence of which he generally knew how to make a good choice; for he even gained the affections of ſeveral of the oppoſite party, whom he very prudently employed. "A wiſe King," ſaid he, "is like a good chemiſt, who from the "moſt dangerous poiſons can extract excellent "medicines."

XVI. As the idea of injuring any one never came into his mind, he was never ſuſpicious. He liked to ſteal away from his court, to wander about in the fields, and to aſk queſtions of the honeſt good people, who were aſtoniſhed to ſee the King under their thatched roofs. When his friends, who were alarmed for him, remonſtrated to him, that, in the midſt of conſpirators, and whilſt the leaven of the league ſtill continued to ferment, he ought to take more care of his perſon, and not go out ſo frequently alone, or at leaſt ſo ill attended. "Fear," ſaid he, "ought never to have entrance "into a royal mind. Thoſe who fear death, will "never attempt my life; and thoſe who deſpiſe "life, will always be maſters of mine, notwith- "ſtanding a thouſand guards were to try to prevent "them. None but tyrants ought to live in conſtant "fear."

XVII. He would have no courtiers that were not brave, nor any other favourites than his people in general. When he wrote to the governors of

different provinces, he generally concluded with these words: " Take care of my people; they are " my children whom God has committed to my " care: I am responsible for them."

XVIII. This amiable Prince wished to hold his empire from affection, not force. Firm, when the public good required it, he never was intoxicated with that absolute power which charms so many weak princes, and those who only are possessed of moderate genuis. Some court-flatterers, on a particular occasion, once entreated him to make use of his authority. He made them this answer, worthy to be engraved on all king's palaces: " The " first duty of a sovereign is to consider of every " thing; and to remember he has himself two " sovereigns, God and the law."

XIX. Many years after the peace, he was told there were some fanatics, the remaining dregs of the League, who continued to declaim against him; and that they even refused to pray for him in their public prayers; " They must be attended to," said he, " for they are still angry."

XX. Born without gall, hatred and vengeance were a load which Henry's heart could not sustain. A maxim he frequently had in his mouth was this, " That the satisfaction derived from revenge, was " only momentary; but that which is to be gained " from clemency, lasts for ever.

XXI. They mentioned to him a nobleman, one of the principal Leaguers, whoſe virtues had not been able to diſarm him of his hatred towards him. "I wiſh," ſaid Henry, "to do him ſo many ſer-"vices, as to force him to love me."

XXII. Henry did not think it neceſſary that the dignity of the crown ſhould extinguiſh in him the ſentiments of Nature. He was guided by her, and was never better pleaſed than when he could yield himſelf up to her ſoft impreſſions. At the tables of his friends, whom he loved to ſurpriſe, he uſed to give himſelf up to all the natural gaiety of his temper. He diſrobed himſelf of majeſty; and condeſcended to become the agreeable companion. "A charming familiarity, a frankneſs, and pleaſant "way of joking, together with his bons mots," ſays an ingenious cotemporary, "made up the beſt "part of their repaſts."

XXIII. He would have his children call him *Papa* or *Father*, and not *Sir*, which was the new faſhion introduced by Catherine de Medicis. He uſed frequently to join in their amuſements; and one day that this Reſtorer of France, and Peace-maker of all Europe, was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his ſon, on his back, an ambaſſador ſuddenly entered the apartment, and ſurpriſed him in this attitude. The Monarch, without moving from it, ſaid to him, "*Monſieur l' Ambaſſadeur*." "have you any children?"—"Yes, Sire," replied he.—"Very well, then; I ſhall finiſh my race "round my chamber."

XXIV. This Prince ſometimes amuſed himſelf with compoſing verſes. Who can help admiring that charming impromptu which he made on the Counteſs of Cleves, his aunt. Coming one day into her apartment, he found her tablets open, on on which De Noailles, who was in love with that Princeſs, had written theſe words:—

" Nul heur nul bien ne me contente
" Abſent de ma divinité."

Henry added theſe lines to them:

" N'appelez pas ainſi ma tante
" Elle aime trop l'humanité."

XXV. But one of the beſt pieces attributed to Henry, and the leaſt known of them, is as follows. It is ſtill to be ſeen in the original hand-writing of this Prince:—

" Viens Aurore
" Je t'implore
" Je ſuis gai quand je te vois,
" Et la Bergere
" Qui m'eſt chere,
" Et vermeille comme toi.

II.

" Elle eſt blonde
" Sans ſeconde,
" Elle a la taille à la main,
" Sa prunelle
" Etincelle,
" Comme l'aſtre du matin.

III.

" De roſee
" Arroſee,
" La roſe a moins de fraicheur;
" Une hermine
" Eſt moin fine,
" Le lys a moins de blancheur.

IV.

" D'ambroſie
" Bien choſée
" Hébé la nourit apart;
" Et ſa bouche,
" Quand j'y touche,
" Me parfume de nectar."

## OF M. LAVATER.

THIS gentleman having aſſerted, in the ſecond part of his Treatiſe on Phyſiognomy, that ſhoemakers have generally a ſickly appearance and weak conſtitutions, and that at Zurich, of twenty-four children born of parents exerciſing that profeſſion, ſeven only were boys, all the *craft* of that place roſe up againſt him, about ſix years ago, in a riotous manner. M. Lavater, finding it neceſſary to quell the tumult as amicably as poſſible, declared publicly that he had been miſtaken, for that the juſt proportion was twenty-eight males to thirty of the other ſex. He begged, however, that the ſhoemakers would permit him to ſtand god-father to all the males; and they cheerfully accepted his offer.

## OF THE LATE DUTCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

MR. Gray, the elegant author of the Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, being in London, before his promotion to modern Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Cambridge, and when his circumſtances were ſo crampt that he could indulge himſelf in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private ſale of books, in which the lots were very large. Amongſt the reſt there was a very elegant book-caſe, filled with an excellently choſen collection of the beſt editions of the French claſſics, handſomely bound, the price one hundred guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The converſation between him and his friend was overheard by the Dutcheſs of Northumberland, who, knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to aſk who his friend was. She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, ſhe bought the book-caſe and its contents, and ſent it to Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing that ſhe was aſhamed of ſending ſo ſmall an acknowledgment for the infinite pleaſure ſhe had received in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*—of all others her favourite poem.

## OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

### RELATED BY COUNT ALGAROTTI.

COURAGE and inflexible conſtancy formed the baſis of this Monarch's character. In his tendereſt years he gave inſtances of both. When he was yet ſcarce ſeven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, and intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal ſnapt too greedily at the morſel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiouſly; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or to take the leaſt notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, leſt his dog ſhould be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin.

The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, aſked him the reaſon. He contented himſelf with replying, "I thank you, madam, I am not hungry."

They thought that he had been taken ill, and ſo repeated their ſolicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loſs of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at laſt perceived it; for Charles would ſooner have died than betrayed his dog, as he knew he intended no injury.

II. At another time, when he had the ſmall-pox, and his caſe appeared dangerous, he grew one

day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman, who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the Prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. "A blow," replied Charles, "I don't "remember any thing of it. I remember, indeed, "that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, "fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a "blow which brought him to the ground."

III. Charles, who sometimes traversed the greatest part of his kingdom without any attendants, in one of his rapid courses, once underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off.

Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable.

Upon aſking the King, whom he had never ſeen, bluntly, how he preſumed to meddle with his horſe, Charles coolly replied, ſqueezing in his lips, which was his uſual cuſtom, "I took the horſe "becauſe I wanted one; for you ſee," continued he, "If I have none, I ſhall be obliged to carry the "ſaddle myſelf."

This anſwer did not ſeem at all ſatisfactory to the gentleman, who inſtantly drew his ſword. In this the King was not much behind hand with him; and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and teſtified that ſurpriſe which was natural, to ſee arms in the hands of a ſubject againſt his King.

Imagine whether the gentleman was leſs ſurpriſed than they, at his unpremeditated diſobedience. His aſtoniſhment, however, was ſoon diſſipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, ſaid, "Thou art a brave fellow! and I will take care thou "ſhalt be provided for."

This promiſe was afterwards fulfilled; for the King made him a captain.

IV. A certain particular, in the anecdotes of Charles's life, is worthy to be known, which is, that he ſometimes recommended to the chaplains of his army, in the ſermons which, among the Lutherans, are preached to the ſoldiers, to take the following text:

"*Manete in vocatione in qua vocati eſtis.*"

## OF KING WILLIAM.

KING William having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, was told that his Lordſhip was quarrelſome in his cups. He laughed and ſaid, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round.—What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told next morning what he had done, he haſtened to the palace, and threw himſelf upon his knee. "No apologies," ſaid the King; "I was "told you had no fault in the world but one, and "I am glad to find it is true; for I do not like your "faultleſs people." Then taking him by the hand, he added, "make not yourſelf uneaſy, theſe acci-"dents, over a bottle, are nothing among friends."

## OF THE LATE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

WHEN the Duke of Rutland was a boy at Eton College, a diſpute aroſe between the head-maſter and the boys, on account of ſome ſeverity practiſed by the former, and was carried to ſuch a height, that a greater part of the latter had ſeceded—quitted the college, and took their poſt at the well known inn then belonging to Mr. March, at Maidenhead bridge. The diſcipline of the ſchool was

now at an end; and the maſters had no better means of bringing back the run-aways than by ſending expreſſes to the parents of the ringleaders, in order that they might employ their authority to reduce them to obedience. The late noble Marquis of Granby was applied to among the reſt, and he immediately diſpatched his own gentleman with a ſevere reproof to his ſon, and a peremptory order to return to college. The young Lord diſdained all obedience, and the paternal miniſter did not ſpare paternal threats, which he concluded by aſſuring him, "that if he did not immediately go back to ſchool, the Marquis would come down himſelf, and force him thither." "If that is my father's determination," replied his Lordſhip,—"he would do well to bring his regiment of blues along with him."—The general diſturbance was ſoon compoſed; and though Lord Granby pretended to be very angry with his ſon, he always related this account of his boy's ſpirit with great glee to himſelf.

## OF ALFRED, KING OF BRITAIN.

WHEN the illuſtrious Alfred, king of Britain, was repulſed by an army ſuperior to his own, he was obliged to ſubmit to the wretched neceſſity of the times. Accordingly he aſſumed a diſguiſe the moſt likely to conceal himſelf; and after having properly diſpoſed of his family, and ſettled a method

of communication with ſome truſty friends, he engaged himſelf in the ſervice of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdſman was ignorant of the rank of her royal gueſt, and ſeeing him one day buſy by the fire-ſide in trimming his bow and arrows, ſhe deſired him to take care of ſome cakes that were baking at the fire, while ſhe was employed in other domeſtic affairs: but Alfred, whoſe thoughts were otherwiſe engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very ſeverely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot-cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promiſed to be more careful for the future.

## OF JUDGE JEFFERYS.

AT a conteſted election for a member to ſerve in Parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suſſex, Government ſtrenuouſly interfered, and that ſo openly, as to ſend Sir George Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with inſtructions to uſe every method to procure the return of the Court Candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himſelf on the huſtings, cloſe by the Returning Officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from buſineſs, with an ample fortune and fair character. This Officer well

knew the Chancellor, but for prudential reaſons acted as if he was a ſtranger both to his perſon and rank. In the courſe of the poll, that Magiſtrate, who ſcrutinized every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the Court party; at which Jefferys riſing in a heat, after ſeveral indecent reflections declared the man ſhould poll; adding, "I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The Mayor, regarding him with a look of the higheſt contempt, replied, 'Your ungentleman-like behaviour convinces me it is impoſſible you ſhould be the perſon you pretend; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preſide:' then turning to the Crier, 'Officer!' ſaid he, 'turn that fellow out of the court.' His commands were obeyed without heſitation; the Chancellor retired to his inn, in great confuſion; and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the Mayor, to his great ſurpriſe, received a meſſage from Jefferys, deſiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his houſe, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment: "Sir, notwithſtanding we are in different intereſts, I cannot help revering one who ſo well knows, and dares ſo nobly execute, the law; and though I myſelf was ſomewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned are independent; but you may have ſome relation who is not ſo well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleaſure of preſenting him with a conſiderable

place in my gift, juſt now vacant." Such an offer, and ſo handſomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made: he, having a nephew in no affluent circumſtances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately ſigned the neceſſary inſtrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

## OF THE LATE DUKE OF ———

THE Duke of ———, going one morning to call on Mr. G——, his laywer, who had chambers in the Temple, found him under the hands of his barber. Throwing himſelf, therefore, into a chair, he took up a pamphlet, which lay on the table before him, and amuſed himſelf with ſkimming the pages of it till Hone had finiſhed his operation upon Mr. G——'s face. The Duke, then, having laid down the pamphlet, and ſtroked his chin, ſtarted up and ſaid to Hone, "Come, friend, get your things ready to ſhave me." He, accordingly obeyed the Duke with alacrity (being no ſtranger to his Grace's perſon) and ſhaved him to his ſatisfaction. The Duke, then having wipped his face, and replaced, his wig before the glaſs, put his hand into his pocket; but drawing it out again haſtily, expreſſed no ſmall uneaſineſs becauſe he had no money to pay for the removal of his beard.

"O, and pleaſe your Grace," ſaid Hone, ſimpering, "it is no matter, your Grace is very welcome." "Yes, but it is though," replied the Duke, "I hate to be in debt—therefore come—ſit down in that chair, and I will ſhave you, and then we ſhall be even," (winking at the ſame time to Mr. G———.) Hone looked rather fooliſh, and made ſome awkward ſpeeches; but they were of no ſervice to him. The Duke was peremptory, ſo down he ſat.

The Duke went to work with much mock ſolemnity; and having ſacrificed the poor fellow's face in ſuch a manner as to make him a frightful figure, cried, "There, friend, now I am out of debt," and ran down ſtairs laughing ready to burſt his ſides. However, not being an ill-natured, though a very whimſical man, he clapped a piece of money into Hone's hand before he left the room, which would, he imagined, make ſufficient amends for any diſquietude he might feel from the temporary demolition of his beauty. Hone was fair and broad-viſaged, and made a comely appearance; but he was a coxcomb: the Duke, therefore, was probably urged by a deſire to mortify his vanity a little, by playing of a ſtroke of waggery peculiar to himſelf.

## OF A QUACK DOCTOR.

A QUACK Doctor, who died poſſeſſed of ſome thouſand pounds, at P———y M———l, in

Monmouthſhire, a few years ſince, was one of the moſt innocent offenders in phyſic, and impoſers on mankind, that ever practiſed the art of healing.

The reputation of this man's ſkill was ſuch, that from every part of Wales, and many parts of England, he was viſited by his patients: for, like the Mountain-Doctors in Switzerland, he never ſtirred from home! Directly oppoſite to the Doctor's habitation was a tolerable Welch inn, where the patient's put up, and as the Doctor ſeldom was at leiſure to be conſulted till the day after their arrival, the hoſt and hoſteſs (arch people enough, and intereſted too in the Doctor's ſucceſs) were pretty well acquainted with the diſorder of the patients, and from what cauſe they aroſe: if, for inſtance, a good woman had *fallen down ſtairs*, the Doctor at firſt view knew ſhe had been *hurt by a fall;* and as people are always willing to give a full and particular account of what *ails* them, and all *how and about it*, the Doctor was ſeldom at a loſs to *gueſs at their diſorder*, and never at any to adminiſter the remedy.

Many of his patients made long journies: and no doubt but exerciſe, change of air, and the confident aſſurances of a perfect cure, often had good effects: but as we are all *mortal*, (as the old woman ſaid, when a parcel of rogues were paſſing by her to the gallows,) the Doctor, himſelf, in the prime of life, and height of practice, was taken ill, and died in a few days; and though the writer of this had never taken any of his phyſic, he had often admired the neatneſs of his ſhop; all the drawers (for it was a

bottleleſs ſhop) were nicely painted, and the medicinal contents announced in alphabetical order. After his death, he had the curioſity to viſit this magazine of *animal magnetiſm*, where to his great ſurpriſe, and much to the honour of the departed Æſculapius, he found only two drawers that were *openable*, one of which contained a large quantity of cream of tartar; the other, then empty, was his money drawer; and it appeared that all his patients were furniſhed from the ſame ſingle drawer; and that all his fortune had paſſed through the other. This man was, however, too good to do any harm. Cream of tartar could hurt none.

## OF BISHOP HOUGH.

DOCTOR Hough, ſome time ſince Biſhop of Worceſter, who was as remarkable for the evenneſs of his temper, as for many good qualities, having a good deal of company at his houſe, a gentleman preſent deſired his Lordſhip to ſhew him a curious weather-glaſs, which the Biſhop had lately purchaſed, and which coſt him above thirty guineas. The ſervant was accordingly deſired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident.

'Be under no concern, my dear Sir,' ſays the Biſhop, ſmiling, 'I think it is rather a lucky omen:

we have hitherto had a dry ſeaſon; and I hope we ſhall have ſome rain, for I proteſt I do not remember ever to have ſeen the glaſs ſo low.'

## OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian Envoy informed his Majeſty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himſelf, had retired into England, and that his friends requeſted he might be ſearched for, and ſent back as ſoon as poſſible.

The Prince hearing of it, made himſelf known to the King, acquainting him that he lived twenty-five miles from town, in a country retreat, with his beloved Jacintha; and, if his Majeſty would afford him his protection, he ſhould be happier there than in the poſſeſſion of a crown.

The King put a ſtop to any farther ſearches of the Envoy, and the enamoured Prince lived unknown with his Jacintha till their deaths, which happened within ſix months of one another.

## OF MR. STERNE.

MR. Sterne being in company with three or four clergymen, was relating a circumſtance which happened to him at York.

After preaching at the cathedral, an old woman, whom he obſerved ſitting on the pulpit ſtairs, ſtopt him as he came down, and begged to know where ſhe ſhould have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Mr. Sterne having mentioned the place where he was to exhibit, found her ſituated in the ſame manner on that day; when ſhe put the ſame queſtion to him as before.

The following Sunday he was to preach four miles out of York, which he told her; and to his great ſurpriſe, found her there too; and, that the ſame queſtion was put to him as he deſcended from the pulpit. On which, adds he, I took for my text theſe words, expecting to find my old woman as before:—"I will grant the requeſt of this poor widow; left by her often coming, ſhe weary me." One of the company immediately replied, "Why, Sterne, you omitted the moſt applicable part of the paſſage, which is, "Though I neither fear God nor regard man." This unexpected retort ſilenced the wit for the whole evening.

## OF THE DUTCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THIS Lady was always remarkable for having a very high ſenſe of her own dignity: being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow ſtreet, ſhe leans with both her arms upon the door, and aſked the fellow,

" How dare you, Sirrah, to ſtop a woman of quality in the ſtreet?"—" Woman of quality!" (replied the man.)—" Yes, fellow, (rejoined her Grace) don't you ſee *my arms upon my carriage?*"—" Yes, I do indeed, (he anſwered) and a pair of d—d coarſe arms they are."

## OF A GASCON.

A GASCON, who had been for ſome years in the ſervice of Lewis XIV. obtained from the King a gratification of 1500 livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert; who, juſt at his coming, had ſat down to dinner. Notwithſtanding, he paſſed boldly into the dining-room, and aſked who was Colbert?" I am the perſon (ſaid M. Colbert,) what would you be pleaſed to have?" " A trifle ſcarce worth mentioning," ſaid the other; " a ſmall order of the King, for letting me have 1500 livres."

M. Colbert, with great good-nature, and according to his uſual good-humour, deſired him to be ſeated at table, and partake of their fare, which the Gaſcon did without a ſecond invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him a 1000 livres. The Gaſcon ſaid there were 500 more coming to him. " Very true (ſaid the clerk), but ſo much of the payment has been ſtopped for your dinner." " Odds-fis! (ſaid the Gaſcon) 500 livres for a dinner! I give but twenty ſous

at the eating-houſe." "Well, then, if it be ſo, (replied the Gaſcon), here, take back all the money; what ſignifies my encumbering myſelf with a thouſand livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid." Monſieur Colbert admired the Gaſconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him ſeveral good offices.

## OF THE LATE MR. WHITEFIELD.

ABOUT thirty years ago, the late famous Mr. George Whitefield uſed annually to viſit the city of Edinburgh, and by his popular mode of preaching allured great multitudes, eſpecially of the female ſex, to attend his ſermons. The great object of his diſcourſes was to raiſe them to acts of beneficence; and as he had inſtituted a charitable ſeminary in Georgia, at Carolina, he was ſtrenuous in his exertions to induce his audience to be liberal in giving alms for the ſupport of the helpleſs perſons he had there collected together.

Among his conſtant hearers was one Mrs. D—, the wife of a brewer, in a ſmall line of buſineſs, in the Graſs-market, who had ſome difficulty to provide funds for carrying on his affairs without embarraſſment. He had no time to attend the daily harangues of this ghoſtly orator; nor was he much pleaſed with the time his wife ſpent on theſe occa-

ſions, and far leſs with the demands ſhe ſometimes made upon him for money to be given for charitable purpoſes. The diverſity of opinion between the man and wife ſometimes produced family diſcord; and while the lady thought that the divine was little leſs than an angel from heaven, the huſband conſidered him as no better than a pickpocket, who, under falſe pretexts, induced ſimple people to give away to others what was neceſſary for the ſubſiſtence of their families; nor was he, when heated in the conteſt, and chagrined, at times, for want of money, at all ſcrupulous in expreſſing, without reſerve, the opinion he entertained of this ſuppoſed ſaint.

The wife who was of a warm diſpoſition, though not deſtitute of ſenſe, was much irritated at theſe reflections, and thinking they proceeded entirely from the worldly-mindedneſs of her huſband, felt a ſtrong inclination to indulge her propenſity to benevolence by every means that ſhould fall in her way. To get money from her huſband avowedly for this purpoſe, ſhe knew was impoſſible; but ſhe reſolved to take it, when ſhe could find an opportunity.

While ſhe was in this frame of mind, her huſband, one morning, as he ſat writing at his deſk, was ſuddenly called away, and intending to return in a very ſhort time, he did not ſhut his deſk. His wife thought this too favourable an opportunity to be omitted, and opening the ſhutter where ſhe knew the money was, ſhe found about twenty-five guineas,

which the husband had provided to pay for some barley he had lately bought. From this she took ten pieces, and left every thing else as before; nor did the husband on his return, take any notice of it.

She was now very anxious to get this money properly disposed of, and with that view dressed herself in great haste. Having wrapped the pieces in a bit of paper, she took them in her hand to go out; but as she passed a mirror, she observed something about her head-dress that required to be adjusted, and putting the money on a bureau under the mirror, she spent a little time in making the necessary adjustment; and recollecting that she had some necessary directions to give before she went out, she stepped hastily into the kitchen for that purpose without taking up the money.

Just at this nick of time the husband came into the room, and seeing something on the top of the bureau, he took it up to examine it, and finding it to be gold, he immediately conjectured what was the truth. Without saying a word, however, he took out the guineas, and put an equal number of halfpence in their stead. Having left the paper to appearance, as he found it, he went out again. The wife, upon hearing her husband go out of the room, was in great fear that he had discovered her treasure, and returned with great anxiety to search for it; but seeing it happily just as she had left it, she hastily snatched it up, without looking at it,

and went directly to the lodgings of Mr. Whitfield to diſpoſe of it.

When ſhe arrived, ſhe found him at home, and a happy woman was ſhe! Having introduced herſelf, by telling him how much ſhe had been benefited by his pious inſtructions, &c. which he returned with ready politeneſs, ſhe expreſſed her regret that ſhe had it not in her power to be as ſhe could wiſh; but ſhe hoped he would accept in good part the mite ſhe could afford to offer him, on their account; and with many profeſſions of a charitable diſpoſition, and thanks for the happineſs ſhe had derived from attending his diſcourſes, ſhe put in his hands the money, and took her leave.

Mr. Whitfield, in the mean time, putting the money in his pocket without looking at it, made proper acknowledgments to her, and waited on her to the door.

He was no ſooner, however, alone, than he took it out to examine the contents, and finding it only copper, and comparing the ſum, with the appearance of the perſon who gave it, he inſtantly imagined it muſt have been given with an intention to affront him; and with this prepoſſeſſion on his mind, he haſtily opened the door, and called the lady back. This ſummons ſhe quickly obeyed. On her return, Mr. Whitfield aſſuming a grave tone and ſtern manner, told her that he did not expect ſhe could have the preſumption to offer to affront him; and holding out the halfpence, aſked what

ſhe could mean by offering him ſuch a paltry trifle as that.

The lady, who was very certain ſhe had put gold into that paper, and recollecting that ſhe had often heard him called a cheat and impoſtor, immediately concluded that he himſelf had put the halfpence in place of the gold, and made uſe of this pretext to extort more from her; and fell upon him moſt cruelly, telling him ſhe had often heard him called a ſwindler and a raſcal, but till now ſhe had never believed it. She was certain ſhe had given him ten guineas out of her hands, and now he pretended he had got only as many halfpence; nor did ſhe leave him till ſhe had given him a very full complement of abuſe. She then went home as faſt as ſhe could; and had a much better opinion of her huſband's diſcernment and ſagacity ever afterwards.

He kept his ſecret, and till her dying day ſhe made a good wife to him, nor did ſhe ever again go after field preachers of any ſort.

## OF CLEOMENES.

CLEOMENES, King of Sparta, when labouring under misfortunes, was adviſed to kill himſelf by one of his attendants, who ſet off the propoſal with that ſpecious colouring, which the imbecility of an oppreſſed mind is apt to miſtake for argu-

ment. "Thinkeſt thou, wicked man," replied Cleomenes, "to ſhew thy fortitude, by ruſhing upon death, a refuge always eaſily to be had, and every man has open to himſelf?

"Better men than we are, either by the fortune of arms, or overpowered by numbers, have left the field of battle to their enemies. But the man, who gives up the conteſt, in order to avoid pain and calamity; or, from a ſlaviſh regard to the praiſe or cenſures of men, is overcome by his own cowardice. If we are to ſeek for death, that death ought to be in action, not in the deſerting of action. It argues *baſeneſs* to live or to die by ourſelves. By adopting your expedient, all that we can gain is, to get rid of our preſent difficulties without either glory to ourſelves, or benefit to our country. In hopes then that we ſhall ſome time or other be of ſervice to our country, both you and I are bound to preſerve our lives."

## OF DR. JOHNSON.

MR. Garrick was once preſent with Dr. Johnſon at the table of a nobleman, where amongſt other gueſts, was one of whoſe near connections ſome diſgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnſon, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his moſt acrimonious manner.

Garrick, who ſat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made uſe of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The Doctor proceeded, and when he had finiſhed the ſtory, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever.—"Thrice (ſays he) Davy, you have trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now if what I have related be a falſehood, convict me before this company."

Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half ſo much perturbation, even when he met *his father's ghoſt*.

## OF MR. LOCKE.

MR. Locke, having been introduced by Lord Shafteſbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax; theſe three noblemen, inſtead of converſing with the philoſopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary ſubjects, in a very ſhort time ſat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for ſome time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company obſerving this, took the liberty of aſking him what he was writing.

"My Lord," ſays Locke, "I am endeavouring, as far as poſſible, to profit by my preſent ſituation; for having waited with impatience for the honour

of being in company with the greateſt geniuſes of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your converſation; and indeed, I have ſet down the ſubſtance of what you have ſaid for this hour or two."

This well-timed ridicule had its deſired effect; and theſe noblemen, fully ſenſible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a converſation more rational, and better ſuited to the dignity of their characters.

## OF A BRITISH CAPTAIN.

SOME years ago, a commander of one of his Majeſty's ſhips of war, being ſtationed at Boſton, had orders to cruiſe from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and diſtreſs the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruiſes on a Sunday; and, as he had left his lady at Boſton, the moment ſhe heard of the ſhips arrival, ſhe haſtened down to the water-ſide, in order to receive him. The Captain on landing, embraced her with tenderneſs and affection. This, as there were ſeveral ſpectators by, gave great offence, and was conſidered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the ſabbath. The next day, therefore, he was ſummoned before the Magiſtrates, who, with many ſevere rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped.

The Captain ſtifled his indignation and reſentment as much as poſſible; and as the puniſhment from the frequency of it, was not attended with any degree of ignominy or diſgrace, he mixed with the beſt company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends.

At length the time of the ſtation expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with ſeeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and that they might ſpend one more happy day together before their final ſeparation, he invited the principal Magiſtrates and Select Men to dine with him on board his ſhip upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them.

At length the fatal moment arrived that was to ſeparate them. The anchor was apeak, the ſails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the ſignal to get under way. The Captain after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the Boatſwain and crew were ready to receive them. He there thanked them afreſh for the civilities they had ſhewn him, of which, he ſaid, he ſhould retain an eternal remembrance; and to which he wiſhed it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjuſted between them, which as it was in his power, ſo he meant moſt fully to recompence them. He then reminded them of what had paſſed, and

ordered the crew to pinion them, had them brought, one by one, to the gangway, where the Boatſwain ſtripped off their ſhirts, and with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back of each forty ſtrips, ſave one. They were then, amidſt the ſhouts and acclamations of the crew, ſhoved into their boats; and the Captain, immediately getting under way, ſailed for England.

## OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

EDWARD the Confeſſor, one day lying on his bed, obſerved a perſon (who thought him aſleep,) take ſome money out of his caſket, with which he went off; he ſoon returned, and retreated with a ſecond booty. On his making a third attempt, "Be as quick as you can," ſaid the King, "for ſhould Hugoline (the King's Chancellor,) catch you, you will loſe all you have got, and be hanged into the bargain." The Chancellor coming ſoon after, was greatly concerned at the robbery; "Regard it not," ſaid the King, "the man who has it, wanted it more than we."

## OF TWO SAILORS.

TWO ſailors (one Iriſh the other Engliſh) agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in caſe of

either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Engliſhman's leg was ſhot off by a cannon-ball; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had ſcarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a ſecond ball ſtruck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noiſe and diſturbance common in a ſea engagement, had not perceived his friend's laſt misfortune, continued to make the beſt of his way to the Surgeon. An officer obſerving him with a headleſs trunk upon his ſhoulders, aſked where he was going? "To the Doctor," ſays Paddy. "The Doctor," ſays the Officer; "why, you blockhead, the man has loſt his head." On hearing this, he flung the body from his ſhoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "By my own ſhoul," ſays he, "he told me it was his leg."

## OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WHILE two Monks equally in favour with William Rufus were toſſing up for a vacant abbacy, the King obſerving a third ſtanding at a diſtance, ſaid to him, "What wouldeſt thou give to be an Abbot?" "Nothing," replied the Monk; "when I took this habit, I forſwore all worldly wealth." "By St. Luke's face," ſaid the King, "thou art the worthier to be one; and ſo thou ſhalt."

## OF SCIPIO AFRICANUS THE YOUNGER.

THE younger Scipio Africanus, being directed by the will of his grandfather, to pay to his two aunt's between eleven and twelve thouſand pounds, at three different times, paid the whole ſum to a banker, for their uſe, upon the expiration of the time fixed on for the firſt payment: Tiberius Gracchus and Scipio Naſica (huſbands to the two Ladies) told him, they imagined he had miſtaken, as he had three years allowed by the laws for the payment of the whole ſum. "True," ſaid Africanus; "I know well what the laws allow, and it is proper they ſhould be obſerved with regard to ſtrangers; but friends and relations ſhould be above ſuch nice diſtinctions."

## OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

AFTER Cyrus the Great had, by a ſtratagem, ſurpriſed the King of Armenia, and all his family, he aſked Tigranes, the king's ſon, what he would give to reſtore his Lady (whom he had lately married) to her liberty? "A thouſand lives, if I had them," replied the Prince. Cyrus, however, gave them all their liberty, after ſwearing them to be friends and allies to the Medes and Perſians. On their return, while every one was praiſing the come-

lineſs and behaviour of the Perſian Prince, Tigranes aſked his wife, "what ſhe thought of the perſon and behaviour of Cyrus?" to which ſhe replied, "ſhe did not take much notice of him." "No," replied the Prince, "what elſe could command your attention?" "The man," ſaid ſhe, "who would give a thouſand lives to redeem me."

## OF LORD BOLINBROKE.

THE famous Lord Bolinbroke being at Aix-la-chapelle, during the treaty of peace at that place, (at which time his attainder was not taken off,) was aſked by an impertinent Frenchman, Whether he came there in any public character? "No, Sir," replied his Lordſhip; "I come like a French miniſter, with no character at all."

## OF CATO.

CATO being aſked how it happened, that he had no ſtatues erected to him, whilſt Rome was crowded with thoſe of ſo many others, "I would rather," anſwered he, "people ſhould inquire why I have them not, than complain that I have."

## OF THE LATE DUKE OF HAMILTON, WITH REGARD TO KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

### RELATED BY DR. MOORE.

BY the influence of example, and the pomp which ſurrounds the idol, I have, for ſome time paſt, been in danger of being ſeduced into idolatry; and lately I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonneſs. We are told, that to draw near to that Being, who ought to be the only object of worſhip, with our lips, while our hearts are far from him, is a mockery. Such daring and abſurd hypocriſy I ſhall always avoid. But to have drawn near to *him*, who ought not to be an object of worſhip, with the lips only, while the heart continued at a diſtance, I hope will be conſidered as no more than a venial tranſgreſſion. In ſhort, I truſt, that it will not be looked on as a mortal ſin in Proteſtants to have kiſſed the Pope's toe. If it ſhould, ſome of your friends are in a deplorable way, as you ſhall hear. It is uſual for ſtrangers to be preſented to his Holineſs, before they leave Rome. The D—— of H——, Mr. K., and myſelf, have all been at the Vatican together, upon that important buſineſs. Your young acquaintance Jack, who, having now got a commiſſion in the army, conſiders himſelf no longer as a boy, deſired to accompany us. We went under the auſpices of a certain eccleſiaſtic, who uſually attends the Engliſh on ſuch occaſions.

He very naturally concluded, that it would be moſt agreeable to us to have the circumſtance of kiſſing the ſlipper diſpenſed with. Having had ſome converſation, therefore, with his Holineſs, in his own apartment, while we remained in another room, previous to our introduction, he afterwards returned, and informed us, that the Pontiff, indulgent to the prejudices of the Britiſh nation, did not inſiſt on that part of the ceremonial, and therefore a very low bow, on our being preſented, was all that would be required of us.

"A bow!" cried the D—— of H——; "I "ſhould not have given myſelf any trouble about "the matter, had I ſuſpected that all was to end "in a bow. I look on kiſſing the toe as the only "amuſing circumſtance of the whole. If that is "to be omitted, I will not be introduced at all. "For if the moſt ludicrous part is left out, who "would wait for the reſt of a farce?"

This was a thunderſtroke to our negociator, who expected thanks, at leaſt, for the honourable terms he had obtained; but who, on the contrary, found himſelf in the ſame diſagreeable predicament with other negociators, who have met with abuſe and reproach from their countrymen, on account of treaties for which they expected univerſal applauſe.

The D—— of H—— knew nothing of the treaty which our introducer had juſt concluded, otherwiſe he would certainly have prevented the negociation. As I perceived, however, that our ambaſſador was mortified with the thoughts, that

all his labour ſhould prove abortive, I ſaid, that, although he had prevailed with his Holineſs to wave that part of the ceremonial, which his Grace thought ſo entertaining, yet it would unqueſtionably be ſtill more agreeable to him that the whole ſhould be performed to its utmoſt extent. This new arrangement, therefore, needed not be an obſtruction to our being preſented.

The countenance of our conductor brightened up at this propoſal. He immediately uſhered us into the preſence of the ſupreme Pontiff. We all bowed to the ground. The ſuppleſt of the company had the happineſs to touch the ſacred ſlipper with their lips, and the leaſt agile were within a few inches of that honour. As this was more than had been bargained for, his Holineſs ſeemed agreeably ſurpriſed, raiſed the D—— with a ſmiling countenance, and converſed with him in an obliging manner, aſking the common queſtions, How long he had been in Italy? Whether he found Rome agreeable? When he intended to ſet out for Naples?—He ſaid ſomething of the ſame kind to each of the company; and, after about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, we took our leave.

Next day his Holineſs ſent his compliments to the D——, with a preſent of two medals, one of gold, and the other of ſilver; on both of which the head of the Pontiff is very accurately engraved.

## OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE LATE KING OF OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK III. one of the greateſt men that ever filled a throne, governed without miniſters; for thoſe who, under him, bore that name, did no more than copy and diſpatch his orders. Every object of military and political government; every thing that related to finances, legiſlation, and commerce, was ſubject to his ſole direction and impulſe. As he was a great captain, a ſtateſman, a philoſopher, a poet, and author, he poſſeſſed all the qualities that lead to honour and power. Bold in his plans, which always ſucceeded, becauſe they were formed with wiſdom, and executed with dexterity,—ſuperior in the open field,—admirable in the choice of his poſts and his order of battle,—rapid and accurate in his judgment,—valiant even to exceſs,—adored by his ſoldiers,—dreaded by his officers,—and ſure of the diſcipline and regularity of his troops;—he availed himſelf of the celerity of their manœuvres, to venture upon ſudden and unexpected movements.

It muſt, at the ſame time, be acknowledged, that this prince was neither famous for conducting ſieges, nor for defending fortifications. The branch of the art of war, called offenſive, was that in which he truly excelled. It was analogous to his character and genius.

Though cautious in forming his plans, he was

almoſt raſh in the execution. His great object and paſſion was to cruſh oppoſition at one ſtroke. He was too ſanguine in reaping the advantages of victory.

When repulſed, he repaired his loſs with an amazing celerity; for all his meaſures were the effects of a plan laid before-hand, to provide for all contingencies.

Frederick ſpoke all the modern languages with elegance and grace. He was learned in almoſt all the ſciences. He was free from all prejudice,—appreciated a man by what he was, and not by what he believed,—believing himſelf little or nothing.

Magnificent on certain occaſions, parſimonious from principle, he rewarded nobly, but rarely; and had the happy art of ſecuring the zeal and attachment of thoſe whoſe ſervices he ſtood in need of, not ſo much by laviſhing favours upon them, as by keeping them in the expectation of a recompence.

His perſon was not graceful, though there was ſomething majeſtic in his air. His conſtitution was ſtrong; and from his earlieſt youth he had been accuſtomed to hard labour, both of body and mind. Though ſhort-ſighted, his eyes were full of vivacity and fire. His dreſs was plain. He always wore his uniform, which was often old and dirty. When he was on horſe-back, he had a martial look; and it was eaſy, even through the negligence of his apparel, to diſtinguiſh the warrior.

His private life was remarkable for its uniſor-

mity. He roſe always at four in the ſummer, and five in winter. He was dreſſed in two minutes. He always ſlept without a night-cap, and neither uſed a night-gown nor ſlippers. As ſoon as he was dreſſed, the adjutant of the firſt battalion of guards brought him a written liſt of all the perſons that were arrived at, or had ſet out from, Potſdam, and of every thing that had paſſed in the garriſon; after which the Monarch ſhut himſelf up in his cabinet, and applied to buſineſs alone, till ſeven, when he paſſed into another apartment. Here he found his chocolate ready, and all the letters that had been addreſſed to him, the day before, from Berlin, Potſdam, and his interior dominions. The foreign letters and diſpatches were arranged apart on another table. He read them all,—wrote hints or notes on the margin of thoſe that were to be anſwered by his Secretaries,—carried with him ſuch as he deſigned to anſwer himſelf,—and returned to his cabinet, where he did buſineſs with a particular Secretary till nine o'clock. He then received the accounts and diſpatches of his three Secretaries, and read and ſigned the letters they had drawn up.

At ten o'clock, the Generals that were about his perſon, were called ſucceſſively into his cabinet, where he talked with them politics, tactics, &c. and received thoſe to whom an audience had been previouſly granted.

At eleven, he rode out on horſe-back to take the air; and three days of the week he went, at that hour, to the parade; he reviewed the troops, made

them go through their exerciſe, and perform the neceſſary manœuvres.

When the King did not exerciſe his troops, he went on horſe-back, or on foot, through the ſtreets of Potſdam, accompanied by an ſingle page and an adjutant;—he viſited the buildings that were carrying on by his order;—he returned afterwards to Sans-ſouci, where he found his Generals, and thoſe whom he had invited to table,—he walked with them, till one o'clock, in the garden, when the weather was good; and in the great gallery, when it rained.

The dinner conſiſted of eight diſhes (the ſoup and bouilli not included) which were brought in one by one.

It was generally the King who carved, and ſerved the company. Of the eight diſhes, four were dreſſed in the French manner, two in the Italian, and two particularly to the King's taſte. They were all ſucculent and nice; and no wonder, for each diſh was dreſſed by a ſeparate cook, who had his kitchen apart. Hence the King's table, though not magnificent, was very expenſive.

The deſert conſiſted chiefly of ſweet meats and fruit; which latter article was provided with peculiar care, as the fruits of all countries, and all ſeaſons, appeared at the King's table; and the royal gardens contributed richly to this part of the repaſt.

His Majeſty dined plentifully, and made the pleaſure laſt a good while. He drank at table a bottle of burgundy, and ſome glaſſes of champaign.

He ſat at table until half an hour after three; and, during the deſert, he converſed and joked with his Generals.

None were admitted to the King's table but Generals, Colonels, and ſome perſons whom his Majeſty liked particularly. Strangers were never admitted, except on court-days, which happened rarely; and never at Sans-ſouci, which was the King's ordinary reſidence.

After dinner, he withdrew into a cabinet, where coffee was ſerved, and where he found the perſons who came thither by ſpecial orders; without which, no mortal, not even his own miniſters, approached that manſion.

At five o'clock he diſmiſſed all the company, and retired into a cabinet, where his Privy-counſellors brought his Majeſty their anſwers to letters and diſpatches, which he read and ſigned. The anſwers were ſent off at ſix o'clock, and all was tranſacted with ſuch order and expedition, that the perſon who wrote to the King, and put his letter into the proper office, was ſure to have an anſwer in four and twenty hours.

At ſix, all buſineſs was finiſhed; and his Majeſty ſoftened with muſic the cares of the empire, till ſeven. In ſummer, he walked with the Generals till eight, and then bid them a good night.

The King neither played nor hunted. His hours, after the concert in winter, were employed in hearing the new productions of literature read to him;

he even ſometimes took the book out of the hand of his reader, and read aloud for half an hour.

After this, he retired to his bed-chamber, where one of his cooks (for he had no maſter of his houſehold, nor ſteward at Sans-ſouci) brought him the bill of fare for the next day, with the price of each diſh, nay even of its ingredients, marked on the margin.

The King had altered what he diſliked, ordered ſomething elſe inſtead of the rejected diſh, exclaimed againſt the roguery of his cooks, and always concluded by paying the account as it ſtood.

He behaved in the ſame way with all the accounts relative to his houſehold, ſtables, kitchen, liveries, &c. which were preſented to him, and cleared monthly. When he ſaw them ſwelled beyond meaſure, he ſcolded like a fury, and paid like a prince.

After all theſe domeſtic affairs were finiſhed, he went to bed, and joked a little with Quintus Icilius, who talked him to ſleep.

The King had never any of the great officers of the crown about his perſon, nor even his chamberlain. Two pages, two horſemen of the corps called chaſſeurs de cheval, four of the light hunters (petits chaſſeurs,) four footmen, and two chamber huſſars compoſed his whole houſehold. When he rode out, he had with him only a page, a hunter, and a groom, with a led horſe. He had neither coach nor carriage at Sans-ſouci. He went always on horſeback, except in long journies.

## OF THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

THE Princeſs of Pruſſia, having ordered ſome rich ſilks from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stetin, the place of her reſidence, the cuſtom-houſe officer rudely arreſted them until the duties ſhould be paid. The Princeſs, incenſed, let him know that ſhe would ſatisfy his demands, and deſired that he would come himſelf with the ſilks for that purpoſe. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princeſs, ſhe flew at him, ſeized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciſeman, in a violent fit of reſentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the diſhonourable treatment he had met with in the exerciſe of his office. The King, having read the memorial, and anſwered it as follows:

"The loſs of the duties belongs to my account. "The ſilks are to remain in the poſſeſſion of the "Princeſs.—The cuffs with him that received "them.—As to the ſuppoſed diſhonour, I cancel it "at the requeſt of the complainant:—but it is of it-"ſelf null;—for the white hand of a fair lady can-"not poſſibly diſhonour the face of a cuſtom-"houſe officer."

(Signed) FREDERICK.

*Berlin, Nov.* 30, 1778.

## OF HIS LATE PRUSSIAN MAJESTY'S ADMIRABLE PENETRATION.

I. DURING the courſe of the war when the King was in Sileſia, the valet-de-chambre, in whom he placed the greateſt confidence, was engaged, probably by a great reward, to poiſon him. The King, who was a phyſiognomiſt, perceiving one day that the valet trembled as he brought him his chocolate, looked ſtedfaſtly at him, and ſaid, "I "know that you have been bribed to poiſon me." The man denied the fact; but the chocolate being given to a dog, killed him in two hours. The King was maſter enough of himſelf to check his reſentment, and having obliged the unfaithful ſervant to diſcover to him the perſon who had ſeduced him, and the means which he had employed, he ſent the valet to Spandau, from whence he was ſet free a few years ago.

II. A Sileſian nobleman, in whom the King had placed a certain degree of confidence, formed the deſign of delivering him up to the Auſtrians, at a certain day and hour agreed upon with their General; and the deſign was to be executed when the King went out to reconnoitre, eſcorted only by a few hunters, as was generally the caſe. The Baron's accomplice was the curate of the village where the King lodged, who informed the Auſtrian poſts of what paſſed. One day, when the King rode out

to reconnoitre, a hunter belonging to the Baron threw himſelf at his feet, and gave him a letter, which he had been ordered to carry to the curate, ſaying, "Sire, I believe this letter contains ſome-"thing of conſequence to your Majeſty." The King perceiving in the letter evident marks of the treaſonable plot, and having learned on examination, that there was really an ambuſcade in a place where he was to paſs, ſent a detachment of cavalry to ſeize upon the Baron. As the officer, who commanded the detachment, knew nothing of the reaſons of this arreſt, and the artful Baron appeared to receive the King's order with tranquillity and good humour, and acted his part with dexterity and eaſe, the officer allowed his priſoner to retire for a moment to another apartment, which facilitated his eſcape, as there was a window open, and a horſe ready to receive him. When the officer, on his return without the priſoner, acquainted the King with the ill ſucceſs of his commiſſion, the latter did no more than ſay to him coldly: "Return to your "corps—you're a clumſy fellow—I'll employ you "no more on ſuch an occaſion."

## A MEDICINAL ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman of narrow circumſtances, whoſe health was on the decline, finding that an ingenious phyſician occaſionally dropped into a coffee-houſe

that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himſelf *vis-à-vis* the Doctor, in the ſame box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the Doctor's attention from the newſpaper to examine the index of his conſtitution. He at laſt ventured a bold puſh at once, in the following terms: "Doctor," ſaid he, "I have, for a "long time been very far from being well, and as "I belong to an office, where I am obliged to at-"tend every day, the complaints I have prove "very troubleſome to me, and I ſhould be glad to "remove them."—The Doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a ſteady eye, while he proceeded: "I have but little appetite, and "digeſt what I eat very poorly;—I have a ſtrange "ſwimming in my head," &c. In ſhort, after giving the Doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his ſymptoms, he concluded the ſtate of his caſe with a direct queſtion:—"Pray, Doctor, what "ſhall I take?" The Doctor, in the act of reſuming his newſpaper, gave him the following laconic preſcription:—"Take; why, take advice!"

## OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, CONGREVE, BISHOP LATIMER, AND OTHERS.

I. TOBACCO was firſt brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took in ſmoaking it privately, he did not intend

it ſhould be copied. But ſitting one day, in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of ſmall-beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his maſter's face, and running down ſtairs, bawled out, "Fire! Help! Sir "Walter has ſtudied till his head is on fire, and "the ſmoak burſts out at his mouth and noſe!"

II. When Congreve was aſked by a court-lady, why, in his comedies, he made ſo free with the ſex, "Becauſe," ſaid the Bard, "I draw my characters from *Nature*."

III. Dr. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raiſed to the biſhoprick of Worceſter in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the cuſtom of thoſe times for each of the biſhops to make preſents to the King of a purſe of gold, on New-year's-day. Biſhop Latimer went with the reſt of his brethren to make the uſual offering; but, inſtead of a purſe of gold, he preſented the King with a New Teſtament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this paſſage, "Whore-mongers and "adulterers God will judge."

IV. Two perſons of Naples having neglected to ſend for their portraits, which had been painted by Lucas Giordano, this artiſt reſolved to expoſe them to the public, with this inſcription: "I am "here through want of money." By this ſcheme he ſoon got his money.

V. In England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be uſurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of conſideration upon the poſſeſſor, far ſuperior to what is obſerved in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can aſſume them. A German Baron, in deriſion, once obſerved to a French Marquis, that the title of Marquis was very common in France. "I," added he, laughing, "have a "Marquis in my kitchen."—"And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt himſelf inſulted, "have "a German Baron in my ſtable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country, as are French cooks. It affords a juſt leſſon too, againſt the folly, as well as rudeneſs of all national reflections.

VI. Pigalle, the celebrated artiſt, who had laid by twelve louis d'ors for his journey from Lyons to Paris, ſeeing one day a man, who was walking with viſible marks of deep-felt ſorrow in his countenance, boldly accoſted him, and aſked him, if he could any way relieve him.—"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the ſtranger, "for want of ten louis, I "muſt be dragged this evening to a dungeon, and "be ſeparated from a tender wife and numerous "family."—"Is that all?" replied the humane artiſt: "Come along with me; I have twelve of them "in my trunk, and they are all at your ſervice."

A friend, who met him by chance next day, aſked him whether he had relieved the diſtreſſes of a poor man, as was publicly reported at Lyons. "Ah, "mon ami!" ſaid Pigalle, "what a delicious ſup- "per did I make laſt night, upon bread and cheeſe, "with a family who bleſſed me at every mouthful "they ate, which was moiſtened with the tears of "gratitude."

VII. Mr. Godea uſed to ſay,—"that the para- "diſe of an author was to compoſe;—his purgatory, "to read over and poliſh his compoſitions; and his "hell, to correct the printer's proofs."

VIII. Margaret of Scotland, wife of Lewis XI. before he came to the crown, happening to find Alain Chartier, one of the moſt learned and moſt deformed men of his time, aſleep, went up to him, and kiſſed him: but obſerving the people about her to be greatly ſurpriſed, ſhe ſaid, "It is not the "man I kiſſed, but the mouth that has uttered "ſuch fine ſpeeches."

IX. The Princeſs Margaret of Savoy, daugh- ter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Bur- gundy, who governed the Low Countries for ſome time, during the reign of her nephew, Charles the Fifth, was not only the protectreſs of learning in her time, but diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her own genius. In her tender years ſhe was betrothed to Charles VIII. King of France; but that Prince

having forſaken her for Anne of Bretagne, ſhe was next betrothed to the Prince of Spain. In her voyage from the Low Countries to Spain, a ſudden tempeſt ariſing, the ſhip in which ſhe ſailed was in danger of being wrecked. In that moment of terror and danger the Princeſs compoſed the following Epitaph for herſelf, in the old French of that time:—

" Cy giſt Margot, la gente demoiſelle,
" Qu'eut deux maris, et ſi mourut pucelle."

" Under this tomb is high-born Marg'ret laid,
" Who had two huſbands, and yet died a maid."

## OF CYRUS.

CYRUS being reproached one day by Crœſus for his profuſion, a calculation was made to know how much his treaſure might have amounted, had he been more ſparing of it.

To juſtify his liberality, Cyrus ſent diſpatches to every perſon he had particularly obliged, requeſting them to ſupply him with as much money as they could advance.

When all theſe memorandums had come to Cyrus, it appeared that the ſum total far ſurpaſſed the calculation made by Crœſus.

" I am not," ſaid he, " leſs in love with riches than other Princes; but a better manager of them.

You see at how low a price I have acquired many friends, and an invaluable treasure. My money, at the same time, in the hands of these friends, is not less at my command than if it were in my treasury."

## OF DR. BARROWBY.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the city and liberty of Westminster, 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court-party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Johnson's Head, in Ruffel-Street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed with-

out my direction?"—"Dear Doctor," ſays poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to poll."—"To poll!" replies the Doctor, with ſome warmth (ſuppoſing he was of the ſame opinion with his fair rib,) "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know that the cold air may deſtroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed as faſt as you can, or immediate death may enſue." "Oh! if that is the caſe, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice "to be ſure I muſt act as you adviſe me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to ſeize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput."—"How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wiſh him heartily well."—"Do you?" ſays the medical politician. "Hold! nurſe, don't pull off his ſtockings again. Let me feel his pulſe. Hey! very well; a good firm ſtroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered laſt night?"—"Yes, Doctor; but they made me very ſick." Aye, ſo much the better. How did your maſter ſleep, nurſe?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he? Well, if his mind be uneaſy about this election, he muſt be indulged. Diſeaſes of the mind greatly affect thoſe of the body, Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day: but the ſooner he goes, the better; the ſun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Agad! a ride will do him good. He ſhall go with me to the huſtings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried

in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conſcience, amidſt the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his phyſical friend had left him at his own houſe, abſolutely departed this life, and the Doctor was loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-party.

## OF THE LATE DR. HOWARD.

THE late Dr. Howard, of pleaſant memory, collecting a brief with the pariſh officers of St. George's, Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called among the reſt of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being firſt aſked for a ſettlement, inquiring if he was not ſome trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of ſeventeen ſhillings in favour of the tradeſman: the Doctor had recourſe to his pocket, and pulling out ſome halfpence, a little ſilver, and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of ſurpriſe, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir, you ſeem to have got a *ſtranger* there!"

"Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we ſhall be better acquainted.*

## OF A FRENCH MAGISTRATE.

LEWIS XIV. having made his public entrance into the city of Lyons, was harangued by one of the principal Magiſtrates, who paſſed for a man of ſenſe. But as it was the firſt time he had appeared in the royal preſence, his ſenſe was inſufficient to exempt him from that ſpecies of aukward embarraſſment, which is generally experienced on ſimilar occaſions.

Though he had paſſed all the preceding night in ſtudying his ſpeech, when he approached the King, he found himſelf unable to utter a ſyllable. Having at length, however, recovered from his fears, he began his harangue, and ſaid many good things, to which his Sovereign liſtened with pleaſure; but before he had got half through, an aſs, which ſtood near the place, ſet up a braying, and, in ſhort, made ſuch a noiſe, that the King, not being able to hear the orator, exclaimed aloud "Make that aſs hold his tongue!" The attention of the Magiſtrate having been too much engroſſed by his own eloquence to take the ſmalleſt notice of the aſs, he concluded that himſelf was the object of thoſe orders which he had juſt heard the King deliver in ſo peremptory a tone. This idea made him ſtop ſhort; and, after ſome minutes he ſtammered out, "I was thoroughly ſenſible, Sire, of my incapacity to harangue your Majeſty, and it was with extreme reluctance I undertook the taſk." The King could not refrain from laughter at his ridiculous miſtake; and his

Majeſty's mirth increaſing the confuſion of the orator, all entreaties to prevail on him to reſume his ſpeech proved fruitleſs. He ruſhed into the thickeſt part of the crowd, and having reached his own houſe, ſhut himſelf up in his apartment, inconſolable at having rendered himſelf an object of ridicule to the whole town.

## OF DEAN SWIFT.

A Shoemaker of Dublin had a longing deſire to work for Dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When ſhall I have them?"—"On Saturday next," ſaid the Shoe-maker. "I hate diſappointments," ſaid the Dean, "nor would have you diſappoint others: ſet your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your Reverence," (ſaid Bamerick) for that was his name, "I deſire no longer time than Saturday ſe'ennight, when you will be ſure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finiſhed to the time; but, through the hurry of buſineſs, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he ſaid, "Mr. Bamerick, you have anſwered the commendation of your friends, but you have diſappointed me, for I was

to have been at Sir Arthur Axheſon's, in the county of Armagh, on this day. "Indeed, and indeed, Sir, (ſaid Bamerick) the boots were finiſhed to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his ſtern looks; and after a pauſe aſked him, whether he underſtood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick anſwered, "No, Sir: but I have ſeen ſome very fine gardens in England." "Come (ſaid the Dean, in a good humoured tone) I will ſhew you improvements I have made in the Deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the Dean ſtarted, as if recollecting ſomething, "I muſt ſtep in, (ſaid he) ſtay here till I come back;" then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not ſeeing the Dean, he at laſt ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called ſeveral times to no purpoſe, he perceived himſelf confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of his being intentionally confined.

The Deanery ſervants went to bed at the uſual hour, and the Dean remained in his ſtudy till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuſs, and other fire-arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his

ſervants. "Robert, (ſaid he) I have been much diſturbed with noiſe on the garden ſide, I fear ſome robbers have broke in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders." Then the Dean took the lanthorn, and ſtaid by the arms until the men came. "Arm yourſelves (ſaid he) and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light ſoon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, "There's the robber, ſhoot him, ſhoot him." Saunders preſented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The Dean held up the lanthorn to the man's face, and gravely ſaid, Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord, Sir, (ſaid Bamerick) don't you remember you left me here in the evening?" "Ah! friend (ſaid the Dean) I forgot it, as you did the boots;" then turning round to Robert (who was butler) he ſaid, "give the man ſome warm wine, and ſee him ſafe home."

This anecdote was received from Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen, and who worked for him at the ſame time.

## OF CIBBER.

THE manor of Winchendon (formerly the eſtate of the Wharton family) is ſituated in a very dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the ſoil is a very ſtiff clay. Cibber the Laureat, who ſome-

times visited the famous Duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his coach with him, when it went very slowly through a deep slough. Colley, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said to his Grace, "It is reported, my Lord Duke, that you run out of your estate; but it is impossible for you to run out of this."

## AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE, FROM A LATE AUTHENTIC LETTER, DATED CALCUTTA.

GOCUL Chunres Gosaul was a Bramin of superior cast, whose character as a merchant and a man of integrity was very respectable among Europeans, and exceedingly so with every native who had any knowledge of him; for he maintained a great many poor daily at his house, and in the neighbourhood where he lived, as well as extending his generosity to many of the Europeans, by lending them money when in distress. He was Governor Verelst's banian.

Gocul had been confined to his room about a fortnight by a fever and flux; I (the writer of the letter) frequently visited him in that time, but did not apprehend his dissolution was so near, till last Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, when, on sending to inquire after his health, my servant informed me he was removed from his own house to the bank of a creek that runs from Collyghaunt, (a

place held ſacred by the Hindoos, and where the water is taken up that is uſed in adminiſtering oaths to Hindoos, in and about Calcutta) into the river Ganges, as you know is cuſtomary with them, in order to die in or near that river, or ſome creek that runs into it.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of that day, I went to ſee him as he lay on a fly palanquin in a boat in that creek. His ſervant told me he could hear; but could not ſpeak to any body. I went near him, and called to him by name; he knew my voice, turned about, and held out his hand to me. I took hold of it, and found it very cold; he preſſed mine, and ſaid he was obliged to me for coming to ſee him. I told him he would get his death by lying expoſed without covering (for he was naked to his hips,) to the moiſt air in this rainy ſeaſon, cloſe to a muddy-bank. He ſaid he wiſhed to be cold, for he was then burning with heat (although his hand, as obſerved before, was very cold.) I then put my hand to his forehead, which was alſo very cold; ſtill he inſiſted that he was burning with heat. I begged him to allow me to order him to be carried back to his own houſe; he ſhook his head, but ſaid nothing in anſwer. I repeated the requeſt, but he ſhook his head again without ſaying a word. I did not imagine ſuch a propoſition would be attended to; becauſe it is an invariable cuſtom, you know, amongſt the Hindoos, when given over by their doctors, to be removed the to bank of the Ganges, or ſome creek

that runs into it, for which they have a very ſuperſtitious veneration; and I have heard, that if a Hindoo dies in his own houſe, it is razed to the ground.

Gocul's is a very large houſe, and ſuch a circumſtance would conſequently be a great detriment to the eſtate. I ſtaid about a quarter of an hour with him. On coming away he repeated his obligations to me for the viſits I paid during his illneſs, and for my attention to him at that time in particular, and preſſed my hand very hard at parting, as he was perfectly ſenſible; and I believe, if proper care had been taken of him, it was in the power of medicine to have reſtored his health. There were a vaſt number of Bramins reading and praying near him. Early the next morning I ſent my ſervant to aſk how he was; he brought me for anſwer, that Gocul was in the ſame ſtate as when I left him the preceding night; and whilſt I was at breakfaſt, one of his dependants came to tell me he was dead.

I went to ſee him ſoon after, and found him covered with a ſheet. I then inquired if either of his wives (for he had two) would burn with him. Nobody there could inform me. I deſired one of his dependants to let me know if either of them reſolved to burn, that I might be preſent: this was about eight o'clock laſt Wedneſday morning. At ten o'clock the corpſe was carried to Collyghaunt, a little village about a mile higher up the creek, and about two miles and a half from Calcutta.

Between twelve and one o'clock the ſame day, Mr. Shakeſpeare, who had an eſteem for Gocul, whoſe nephew, Jonerain Goſaul, is Mr. Shakeſpeare's banian, called on me to let me know that Gocul's firſt wife, Tarryaell, was reſolved to burn. We accordingly went together, and reached Collyghaunt in time, where Gocul lay on a pile of ſandal wood and ſtraw, about four feet from the ground, on the banks of the creek, as naked as when I ſaw him the night before. His wife, we were told, was praying on the edge of the creek, where we were informed her children (two boys and one girl,) one of the boys ſeven years, the other five, and the girl thirteen months old, were preſent with their mother, and Kiſtenchurn, Gocul's eldeſt brother: that at firſt ſight of her children, the ſtrong ties of human nature, ſtruggling with her reſolution, drew a tear from her; but ſhe ſoon recovered herſelf, and told her children their father was dead, and that ſhe was going to die with him; that they muſt look up to their uncle, pointing to Kiſtenchurn, who, with his ſon, Joynerain, before-mentioned, would be both father and mother to them; and that they muſt therefore obey them in the ſame manner as they would Gocul and herſelf if living. Then, turning to Kiſtenchurn, ſhe enjoined him, and requeſted him to enjoin Joynerain (who was then at Dacca) to defend and protect her helpleſs offspring.

This done, ſhe left her children, and advanced towards the funeral pile, which was ſurrounded by a vaſt concouſe of people, chiefly Bramins about

eight or ten feet from it, ſo that there was a free paſſage round the pile. Mr. Shakeſpeare and I went in front of the circle, and I had a perfect view of the following ſcene.

As ſoon as ſhe appeared in the circle, I thought ſhe was ſomewhat confuſed; but whether from the ſight of her huſband lying dead on the pile, or at the great crowd of people aſſembled, or ſeeing Europeans among them (for there were two beſides Mr. Shakeſpeare and myſelf,) I cannot tell; however, ſhe recovered herſelf almoſt inſtantaneouſly. She then walked, unattended gently round the pile in ſilence, ſtrewing flowers as ſhe went round; and when ſhe had nearly completed the third time, at Gocul's feet ſhe got upon the pile without any aſſiſtance, ſtrewed flowers over it, and then laid herſelf down on the left ſide of her huſband, raiſing his head and putting her right arm under his neck. She then turned her body to his, and threw her left arm over him; while one of the Bramins raiſed his right leg and put it over her legs, without a ſingle word being uttered. As ſoon as this was done, a ſhawl was laid over them, and they were not ſeen afterwards by any body. Some dry ſtraw was laid over the ſhawl, and then ſome lighted billets of ſandal wood were put on the ſtraw; but altogether not ſufficient to prevent her raiſing herſelf up, throwing all off, and entirely extricating herſelf from the pile, if ſhe had been inclined to ſave herſelf.

The dry ſtraw which compoſed a part of the

pile was then lighted. During all this time, that is, from the moment Gocul's wife made her appearance in the circle, to the lighting the pile, there was a profound ſilence; but on the fire being lighted, the Bramins called out aloud, ſome dancing and brandiſhing cudgels of ſticks, which I took to be praying, and a part of the ceremony; perhaps to prevent her cries from being heard by the multitude, ſo as to give them a bad impreſſion of it, or to deter other women from following what the Hindoos term a laudable example. But I was ſo near the pile, notwithſtanding the noiſe made by the Bramins, and thoſe who danced round it, I ſhould have heard any cries or lamentations ſhe might have made. I am convinced ſhe made none, and that the ſmoke muſt have ſuffocated her in a very ſhort ſpace of time. I ſtaid about ten minutes after the pile was lighted, for ſuch a ſight was too dreadful to behold long; beſides nothing more was to be ſeen except the flames, which Mr. Shakeſpeare and I had a perfect view of at a diſtance, as we returned from the funeral pile.

Gocul's wife was a tall, well made, good looking woman, fairer than the generality of Hindoo women are, about twenty, perhaps twenty-two at moſt; ſhe was decently dreſſed in a white cloth round her waiſt, and an oorne of white cloth with a red ſilk border thrown looſely over her head and ſhoulders; but face, arms, and feet were bare.

I have heard, and indeed ſuppoſed, that women in that ſituation intoxicated themſelves with bang

or toddy; but from the relation given me of what paſſed between Gocul's wife, her children, and brother-in-law, as well as what Mr. Shakeſpeare and myſelf ſaw at the funeral pile, I am perſuaded ſhe was as free from intoxication during the whole ceremony, as poſſible; for ſhe appeared to be perfectly compoſed, and not in the leaſt flurried, except at firſt, for a very ſhort time, as before obſerved. She afterwards went through it deliberately, with aſtoniſhing fortitude and reſolution.

This barbarous cuſtom, ſo ſhocking to Europeans, was practiſed by our anceſtors in Britain in the time of the Druids; but whether our countrywomen in thoſe days, who did not ſacrifice themſelves, were treated with the ſame contempt after the death of their huſbands, as the Hindoo women are, I know not; for by the religion of Hindoos they can never marry again, or have commerce with another man, without prejudice to their caſt, which to them is as dear as life itſelf; but generally are reduced to perform the moſt menial offices in the family of which they were before the miſtreſs.

This reflection, together with the great credit they gain among the Bramins, in undergoing ſo painful and horrid a religious ceremony, may be, and no doubt is, a very ſtrong inducement to their continuing this practice.

## OF PETER THE FOOL.

I. AN eminent Iriſh Counſellor, not more remarkable for the force of his arguments, and his knowledge of the law, than for the ſlovenlineſs of his appearance, and the brogue he affected in his pleadings, and who, by way of antiphraſis, was called *Peter the Fool*, was once engaged in a cauſe againſt Betſworth, a man the direct oppoſite to the former in garb and behaviour. After Betſworth had finiſhed a very florid harangue, our hero roſe, and addreſſing the judge, "My Lord," ſays he, in the true Grecian accent, "my brother Betſworth has made a very fine ſpeech, and he has got a very fine wig; and he thinks the outſide of his head will have an effect upon the inſide of your Lordſhip's; but, faith, he puts me in mind of the Flying-horſe at Temple-bar (a noted tavern in Dublin) for he's always in motion, and yet never ſtirs out of his place."

II. A perſon who was, ſome years ago, accuſed of robbing the Iriſh treaſury, went to the above Counſellor, to fee him to plead in his defence. "Well, my dear," ſays the Counſellor, "and what have you done?" "Done," ſays the other, "I have done nothing; but I am accuſed of robbing the treaſury." "By my own ſoul," replies Peter, "you were in the right on't, to go where the money was."

III. The ſame Counſellor having loſt a cauſe, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was eſteemed a very able Lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, ſome of the other Counſellors were very merry on the occaſion; "Well now," ſays he, "and who the Devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench?" "An hundred," ſaid a ſtander-by; "there were but three." "By Saint Patrick," replies he, "there was a figure of one, and two cyphers."

## OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

DURING the ſiege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was ſo unhappy as to loſe both his legs by a chain ſhot. In this miſerable and helpleſs condition he was conveyed by the firſt opportunity to England, and a memorial of his caſe preſented to an honourable board, in order to obtain ſome additional conſideration to the narrow ſtipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but diſregarded the petition.—Major Maſon had the poor Lieutenant conducted to Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, poſted in the Guard-room, and ſupported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the King was paſſing to the Drawing-room, *Behold, great Sire, a man who refuſes to bend his knee to you; he has loſt both in your ſervice.* The King, ſtruck no leſs by the ſingularity of this addreſs, than by the me-

lancholy object before him, ſtopped, and haſtily demanded what had been done for him. *Half-pay*, (replied the Lieutenant) *and pleaſe your Majeſty.* —*Fye, fye, on't*, ſaid the King, ſhaking his head, *but let me ſee you again next Levee-day.* The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of aſſignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds ſmart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly ſo long as he lived.

## OF A QUAKER.

A certain Quaker, (very rich and very obſtinate,) conſtantly rode every evening to a village not far from town, and, as a proof of his humility, made it a rule never to turn out of his track for any one. A young buck undertook for a wager, to make friend Aminidab, for once, at leaſt, give way, without uſing any force or violence. At the proper time (for the Quaker was as regular as the clock,) the young fellow ſet out on horſe-back, and, ſoon ſeeing the Quaker at a diſtance, rode on, till his horſe's noſe touched that of the Quaker's; when both ſtopped, and ſat ſome time looking at each other. At length the buck, with great compoſure, taking out a pipe, filled, and lighted it, by the help of a piſtol tinder-box; then leaning his elbow upon the pumel of his ſaddle, ſmoaked it out very deliberately,

looking ſteadfaſtly all the while in the Quaker's face. His pipe out, he began to recharge, which the Quaker ſeeing, immediately turned his horſe's head, ſaying as he paſſed his opponent, "Friend, thou beeſt a very obſtinate fellow."

## OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the leaſt acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldſmith, know that economy and foreſight were not amongſt the catalogue of his virtues. In the ſuit of his penſioners (and he generally enlarged the liſt as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of ſcribbling memory, who had ſerved the Doctor ſo many tricks, that he deſpaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made!—"How ſo, Jack?" ſays the Doctor, "Why," ſays Jack, "the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, you muſt know, has long had a ſtrange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were ſometimes to be had in the Eaſt Indies, I commiſſioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the moſt beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finiſhed this account with a tranſport of joy,

he lengthened his viſage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not preſent them. The Doctor, unfortunately, as he ſaid himſelf, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his ſcheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premiſing on the indelicacy of the propoſal, hinted, that, "if he could ſpare that watch for a week, he could raiſe a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The Doctor would not be the means of ſpoiling a man's fortune for ſuch a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawn-brokers, raiſed what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he ſent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death bed; which the Doctor very generouſly ſent him.

## OF THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHEN Frederick, late Prince of Wales, and father to his preſent Majeſty, was many years ago choſen Preſident of the White Herring-Fiſhery, he came from Leiceſter-Houſe to Temple-Bar, with the guards uſually waiting upon a Prince of the blood; but on arriving at the outſide of the above gate, he called for the commanding officer, and told him, "He ſhould there diſpenſe with his attendance, as he wanted no guards in the city of London."

## OF CALEDONIAN LONGEVITY.

IN the month of Auguſt, 1789, arrived in town, from Inverneſs in Scotland, one Macleod, an out-penſioner of Chelſea Hoſpital. This extraordinary man, though in the one hundred and firſt year of his age, had walked from the place of his reſidence, five hundred and fifty miles diſtant from London, in nineteen days, without the leaſt relief on the road. His object in coming to town was to ſolicit ſome little aſſiſtance, through the medium of the Colonel in whoſe regiment he laſt ſerved, having married a ſecond wife, by whom he has one ſon, between ſix and ſeven years of age. He ſtated, that in all probability he ſhould ſoon have a further increaſe of family, and that his penſion would not be ſufficient to ſupport them. He is a remarkable ſtout man, and of a florid complexion. His hair is perfectly white. He firſt enliſted in the army two years previous to Queen Ann's aſcending the throne, and ſerved in Germany under the Great Duke of Marlborough, in all that Queen's wars.

## OF A QUAKER.

THERE are perſons who inſenſibly acquire the habit of never giving a *direct anſwer*. A Quaker

in the weſt of England (a moſt reſpectable charac-ter) was ſo remarkable for this, as to occaſion a wager, that a direct reply could not be obtained from him to *any queſtion whatever*. Upon which one of the parties, to put it totally out of his power to evade the point, watched the opportunity of the *arrival of the mail;* actually ſaw him reading his diſpatches, and accoſted him with "*your ſervant*, Mr. ——, pray is the poſt come in!"—But alas! all that he could extort from honeſt *Aminadab*, was—"*Why, friend, doſt thou expect letters?*"

## OF DR. JOHNSON.

### RELATED BY MRS. PIOZZI.

I. Dr. Johnſon did not much delight in that kind of converſation which conſiſts in telling ſtories. He was, however, no enemy to that ſort of talk from the famous Mr. Foote, whoſe happineſs of manner in relating was ſuch, he ſaid, "as ſubdued arrogance and rouſed ſtupidity: his ſtories were truly like thoſe of Biron in Love's Labour Loſt, ſo very attractive,

"That aged ears play'd truant with his tales,
"And younger hearers were quite raviſh'd;
"So ſweet and voluble was his diſcourſe."

II. Speaking of ſlight inſults from newſpaper abuſe, "They ſting one," ſaid Dr. Johnſon;

" but as a fly ſtings a horſe; and the eagle will not catch flies." He once told me, however, that Cummyns, the famous Quaker, whoſe friendſhip he valued very highly, fell a ſacrifice to their inſults, having declared on his death-bed to Dr. Johnſon, that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in ſome of the common prints of the day, faſtened on his heart, and threw him into a ſlow fever, of which he died.

III. The Doctor, as he was a very talking man himſelf, had an idea that nothing promoted happineſs ſo much as converſation. A friend's erudition was commended one day as equally deep and ſtrong. " He will not talk, Sir," was the reply, " ſo his learning does no good; and his wit, if he has it, gives us no pleaſure. Out of all his boaſted ſtores, I never heard him force but one word, and that word was *Richard*."

With a contempt not inferior, he received the praiſes of a pretty lady's face and behaviour:—" She ſays nothing, Sir," anſwered Johnſon:—" a talking black-a-moor were better than a white creature who adds nothing to life; and by ſitting down before one thus deſperately ſilent, takes away the confidence one ſhould have in the company of her chair, if ſhe were once out of it."

No one was, however, leſs willing to begin any diſcourſe than himſelf. His friend, Mr. Thomas Tyers, ſaid, he was like the ghoſts, who never ſpeak till they are ſpoken to; and he liked the expreſſion ſo well, that he often repeated it. He had indeed

no neceſſity to lead the ſtream of chat to a favourite channel, that his fulneſs on the ſubject might be ſhewn more clearly. He uſually left the choice to others. Whatever was the topic, his information beſt enlightened, his argument ſtrengthened, and his wit made it ever remembered. Of him it might have been ſaid, as he often delighted to ſay of Edmund Burke, "That you could not ſtand five minutes with that man beneath a ſhed while it rained, but you muſt be convinced you had been ſtanding with the greateſt man you had ever ſeen."

IV. I ſhould as much have expected injuſtice from Socrates, or impiety from Paſchal, as the ſlighteſt deviation from truth and goodneſs in any tranſaction one might be engaged in with Samuel Johnſon. His attention to veracity was without equal or example; and when I mentioned Clariſſa as a perfect character; "On the contrary," ſaid he, "you may obſerve there is always ſomething which ſhe prefers to truth." Fielding's Amelia, in his opinion, was the moſt pleaſing heorine of all the romances.

V. The general and conſtant advice he gave, when conſulted about the choice of a wife, a profeſſion, or whatever influences a man's particular and immediate happineſs, was always to reject no poſitive good from fears of its contrary conſequences. "Do not," ſaid he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman, if you can find ſuch, out of a

confidence that ſhe will be leſs conſtant than an ugly one; or condemn yourſelf to the ſociety of coarſeneſs and vulgarity, for fear of the expences or other damages of eleganoe and perſonal charms, which have been always acknowledged as a poſitive good, and for the want of which there ſhould be always given ſome weighty compenſation. I have, however (continued Dr. Johnſon) ſeen ſome prudent fellows, who forbore to connect themſelves with beauty, leſt coquetry ſhould be near; and with wit or birth, leſt inſolence ſhould lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their diſcretion to linger life away in taſteleſs ſtupidity, and chooſe to count the moments by remembrance of pain inſtead of enjoyment of pleaſure."

VI. When profeſſions were talked of, "Scorn," ſaid he, "to put your behaviour under the dominion of canters. Never think it clever to call phyſic a mean ſtudy, or law a dry one; or aſk a boy of ſeven years old which way *his genius* leads him, when we all know that a boy of ſeven years old has no *genius* for any thing, except a peg-top and an apple pye. But fix on ſome buſineſs where much money may be got and little riſqued. Follow that buſineſs ſteadily, and do not live as Roger Aſcham ſays the wits do—*Men know not how, and at laſt die obſcurely, men mark not where.*"

VII. Speaking of books, he once obſerved, that there were few books of which one ever can poſſi-

bly arrive at the *laſt* page; and that there never was any thing written by mere man, that was wiſhed *longer* by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinſon Cruſoe, and the Pilgrim's Progreſs. After Homer's Iliad, he confeſſed that the work of Cervantes was the greateſt in the world, ſpeaking of it, I mean, as a book of entertainment;—and when we conſider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary claſſes among them, while Don Quixote is a ſort of common property, an univerſal claſſic, equally taſted by the court and the cottage, equally applauded in France and England as in Spain, quoted by every ſervant, the amuſement of every age from infancy to decrepitude;—the firſt book you ſee on every ſhelf, in every ſhop where books are ſold, through all the ſtates of Italy;—who can refuſe his conſent to an avowal of the ſuperiority of Cervantes to all other modern writers? Shakeſpeare himſelf has, till lately, been worſhipped only at home, though his plays are now the favourite amuſements of Vienna; and when I was at Padua ſome months ago, Romeo and Juliet was acted there under the name of *Tragedia Veroneſe*, while engravers and tranſlators *live* by the hero of La Mancha in every nation, and the ſides of miſerable inns all over England and France, and Germany too, are adorned with the exploits of Don Quixote. May his celebrity procure my pardon for a digreſſion in praiſe of a writer, who, through four volumes of the moſt exquiſite pleaſantry and genuine

humour, has never been ſeduced to overſtep the limits of propriety—has never called in the wretched auxiliaries of obſcenity or profaneneſs,—who truſts to nature and ſentiment alone, and never miſſes of that applauſe which Voltaire and Sterne labour to produce, while honeſt merriment beſtows her unfaiding crown upon Cervantes.

VIII. Dr. Johnſon being aſked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, ſaid, "The ſauce to every thing was the benevolence of the inhabitants, which cannot be too much commended: I love the people better than their country."

IX. Of Pope, as a writer, he had the higheſt opinion, and once when a lady at our houſe talked of his preface to Shakeſpeare as ſuperior to Pope's —"I fear not, Madam," ſaid he; "the little fellow has done wonders."

X. Somebody was praiſing Corneille one day in oppoſition to Shakeſpeare.—"Corneille is to Shakeſpeare," replied he, "as a clipped hedge is to a foreſt."

XI. When we talked of Steele's Eſſays;—"They are too thin," ſays our critic, "for an Engliſhman's taſte;—mere ſuperficial obſervations on life and manners, without erudition enough to make them keep, like the light French wines, which turn ſour with ſtanding awhile for want of *body*, as we call it."

XII. The ſettled averſion Dr. Johnſon felt towards an infidel, he expreſſed to all ranks, and at all times; without the ſmalleſt reſerve:—For though on common occaſions he paid great deference to birth or title, yet his regard for truth and virtue never gave way to meaner conſiderations. We talked of a dead wit one evening, and ſomebody praiſed him:—"Let us never," ſaid he, "praiſe talents ſo ill employed, Sir: We foul our mouths by commending ſuch infidels." Allow him the *lumières* at leaſt, intreated one of the company:—"I do allow him, Sir," replied Johnſon, "juſt enough to light him to hell."

XIII. Dr. Johnſon made Goldſmith a comical anſwer one day, when ſeeming to repine at the ſucceſs of Beatie's Eſſay on Truth.—"Here's ſuch a ſtir," ſaid he, "about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah Doctor," ſays his friend, "there go two-and-forty ſixpences to one guinea."

XIV. When Dr. Johnſon had a mind to compliment any one, he did it with more dignity to himſelf, and better effect upon the company, than any man. I can recollect but few inſtances indeed, though perhaps that may be more my fault than his. When Sir Joſhua Reynolds left the room one day, he ſaid, "There goes a man not to be ſpoiled by proſperity." And when Mrs. Montague ſhewed him ſome china plates, which had once belonged

to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "That they had no reaſon to be aſhamed of their preſent poſſeſſor, who was ſo little inferior to the firſt."

XV. As we had been ſaying one day, that no ſubject failed of receiving dignity from the manner in which the Doctor treated it, a lady at my houſe ſaid, ſhe would make him talk about love; and took her meaſures accordingly, derided the novels of the day becauſe they treated about love.—"It is not," replied our philoſopher, "becauſe they treat, as you call it, about love, but becauſe they treat, of nothing, that they are deſpicable. We muſt not ridicule a paſſion, which he who never felt never was happy, and he who laughs at never deſerves to feel—a paſſion which has cauſed the change of empires, and the loſs of worlds—a paſſion which has inſpired heroiſm, and ſubdued avarice."

XVI. Dr. Johnſon was liberal enough in granting literary aſſiſtance to others, and innumerable are the prefaces, ſermons, lectures, and dedications, which he uſed to make for people who begged of him. Mr. Murphy related in his and my hearing one day, and he did not deny it, that when Murphy joked him the week before for having been ſo diligent of late between Dodd's ſermon and Kelly's prologue, that Dr. Johnſon replied—"Why, Sir, when they come to me with a dead ſtay-maker and a dying parſon, what can a man do?" He ſaid, however, "that he hated to give away literary per-

formances, or even to ſell them too cheaply. The next generation ſhall not accuſe me," added he, "of beating down the price of literature. One hates, beſides, ever to give that which one has been accuſtomed to ſell. Would not you, Sir, turning to Mr. Thrale, rather give away money than porter?"

## A MARVELLOUS ANECDOTE.

ON the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honourable Edward Ruſſell's houſe, when he was captain-general, and commander in chief of his Majeſty's forces in the Mediterranean ſeas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over-head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the ſaid fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogſheads of brandy,—eight hogſheads of water,—25,000 lemons,—twenty gallons of lime juice,—thirteen hundred weight of fine Liſbon ſugar,—five pounds of grated nutmegs,—300 toaſted biſcuits,—and, laſtly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpoſe a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and, in all probability, more than 6000 men drank thereof.

## OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

A Young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was ſeverely rallied by them upon the circumſtance. At laſt one of them rather impertinently put the queſtion to him, "How he managed to have ſuch good luck." "Why, Madam," ſays the other, "I knew they could not *live* without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way."

## OF THE LATE LORD WALDEGRAVE.

SOME time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the Catholic religion, he was ſent ambaſſador to France, where he reſided ſeveral years. Being one day at an entertainment where his couſin the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen, were preſent, the Duke wanting to mortify him on the ſcore of religion, aſked his Lordſhip, whether the *miniſters* of ſtate, or the *miniſters* of the goſpel, had the greateſt ſhare in his converſion. "I am aſtoniſhed, my Lord Duke," ſays Waldegrave, "how you can aſk me ſuch a queſtion! Do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, *I left off confeſſion?*"

## OF MR. WHISTON.

THE late King being very fond of Mr. Whiſton, celebrated for his various ſtrictures on religion, happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court gardens, during the heat of his perſecution. As they were talking upon this ſubject, his Majeſty obſerved, "That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himſelf." "Is your Majeſty really ſerious in your advice?" anſwered the old man.—"I really am," replied the King.—"Why then," ſays Whiſton, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your Majeſty have been at this time?"

## OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ROCHEFOUCAULT, the French Rocheſter of Louis the Fourteenth's court, having offended the King, hired a dung-cart, and ſtripping himſelf quite naked, got up to the chin in it, juſt as his Majeſty was paſſing through the ſtreets of Paris in ſtate. The dung-cart-man, as inſtructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the King's poſtillions, which occaſioned ſo much noiſe, that the King put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raiſed himſelf forward in the cart,

all bemired as he was, and bowing very reſpectfully to his Majeſty, replied,—" Nothing at all, Sire, but that *your coachman and mine* have had a fracas together."

## OF A LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

WHEN a certain Nobleman was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, it was hinted to him that the crown would ſpare him the trouble of looking out for a Secretary. His Lordſhip, however, immediately replied, that he had fixed upon one already, an attorney of his acquaintance, whoſe honour, good ſenſe, and fidelity, he had the greateſt aſſurances of. " Poh, Poh!" ſays the Officer of the Crown, who was ſpeaking to him, " all that may be, but then he'll not do for a Secretary."—" There you and I differ," ſays his Lordſhip, ending the converſation, " I know of no place that a man of good ſenſe and integrity is not fit for."

## OF A PRELATE.

A Certain Prelate, famed for his eloquence and accuſtomed to ſpeak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inſpired an awe into all that approached him,

was ſo diſconcerted thereby, that he made a pauſe. The King perceiving it, and touched with his diſtreſs, ſaid, in the ſweeteſt manner imaginable, "My Lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leiſure to admire the fine things you have been ſaying." The Biſhop was ſo encouraged by this compliment, that he reſumed his ſpeech, and proceeded without any more heſitation.

## OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

SOME years ſince reſided in a country village, a poor, but worthy Clergyman; who, with a ſmall ſtipend of forty pounds a-year, ſupported himſelf, a wife, and ſeven children. It's true, that he had a garden, which he cultivated with his own hands, and, by his induſtry, it afforded them vegetables for their table. He likewiſe had a cow, which, by the aſſiſtance of his wife, ſupplied them all with a plentiful morning's repaſt; for tea was wholly baniſhed from their frugal board.

This good Curate not only preached twice every Sunday, but frequently viſited all his pariſhioners, and taught them, not only by his precepts, but by his example, true piety and benevolence. It ſo happened, that at a time he was in ſome diſtreſs from the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, as he was walking and meditating in the fields, he ſtumbled, and, looking down to ſee the cauſe, he eſpied

a purſe with ſomewhat in it. On taking it up, he found it to be full of gold: but this truly conſcientious man, notwithſtanding the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, had not one wiſh (by ſecreting it) to rob its owner of it; but looked round, and went backward and forward, in hopes to ſee him: but to no purpoſe, as no object preſented itſelf to his view. He went home, and communicated to his wife what had happened: but ſhe, not judging ſo rightly as her huſband, looked upon it as a gift Providence had ſent them, and therefore wiſhed him to employ part of it to extricate them out of their preſent difficulty: but he, in anſwer to her repeated ſolicitations, told her, that as he did not look upon it as his own property, whatever might be their wants, he would do his beſt to find out its owner, adding, that *Honeſty was the beſt Policy*.

After ſome ſhort time, he was ſent for to a gentleman who lived at ſome little diſtance, who claimed the purſe; and to whom (after his giving an account of the pieces it contained) he reſtored it. But the gentleman gave him no other reward than thanks, his name and place of abode.

On the good man's return, his wife could not help reproaching the gentleman with ingratitude, and inſinuating that it would have been better to have kept the purſe, to ſupply their wants, than to return it to ſo ungrateful a perſon, who probably did not want the money it contained. To all her remarks and obſervations the Curate made no other reply, than that (notwithſtanding all ſhe urged, and

all that had happened) ſtill *Honeſty was the beſt Policy.*

Some months ran on after this, when the Curate received an invitation to dine with the aforeſaid gentleman; who, after he had entertained him with a friendly hoſpitality, preſented him with the Preſentation to a living of three hundred a-year, to which he added a bill of fifty pounds for his preſent neceſſities.

The Curate, after making ſuitable and moſt grateful acknowledgments to his kind benefactor, returned with joy to his wife and family, acquainting them with the happy change in his circumſtances; adding that he hoped now ſhe would be convinced that *Honeſty was the beſt Policy.* To which ſhe fully acquieſced.

## OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH.

DURING the Emperor's voyage in Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road. With much difficulty he reached a poor village. On his arrival there, his Majeſty got out at the door of a blackſmith, and deſired him to repair the damaged wheel without delay. "That I would very willingly (replied the ſmith) but it being holiday, all my men are at church: my very apprentice who blows the bellows, is not at home."—"An excellent method then preſents of warming one's ſelf," replied the Emperor, ſtill preſerving the *incognito;*

and the great Joſeph ſet about blowing the bellows while the blackſmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, ſix ſols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor, inſtead of them, put into his hand ſix ducats. The blackſmith, on ſeeing them, returned them to the traveller, ſaying, "Sir, you have undoubtedly made a miſtake, owing to the darkneſs; inſtead of ſix ſols, you have given me ſix pieces of gold, which nobody in this village can change." "Change them where you can (replied the Emperor) the overplus is for the pleaſure of blowing the bellows." His Majeſty then continued his journey without waiting for an anſwer.

## OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

HIS Majeſty, during the two nights of the riots, ſat up with ſeveral general Officers in the Queen's Riding-Houſe, from whence meſſengers were conſtantly diſpatched to obſerve the motions of the mob.—Between three and four thouſand troops were in the Queen's Gardens, and ſurrounded Buckingham-Houſe. During the firſt night the alarm was ſo ſudden, that no ſtraw could be got for the troops to reſt themſelves on; which being told his Majeſty, he, accompanied with one or two officers, went throughout the ranks, telling them, "My lads, my crown cannot purchaſe you ſtraw

to night, but depend on it, I have given orders that a ſufficiency ſhall be here to-morrow forenoon; as a ſubſtitute for the ſtraw, my ſervants will inſtantly ſerve you with a good allowance of wine and ſpirits, to make your ſituation as comfortable as poſſible; and I ſhall keep you company myſelf till morning." The King did ſo, walking moſtly in the garden, ſometimes viſiting the Queen and the Children in the palace, and receiving all meſſages in the Riding-Houſe, it being in a manner head-quarters. When he was told that part of the mob was attempting to get into St. James's, and to the Park, he forbade the ſoldiers to fire, but ordered them to keep off the rioters with their bayonets; the mob, in conſequence of that, were ſo daring as to take hold of the bayonets and ſhake them, defying the ſoldiers to fire or hurt them; however, nothing further was attempted on the part of the rioters in that quarter.

## OF EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, was at firſt but in low circumſtances, yet the greatneſs of his ſoul never ſuffered him to ſtoop to gain:—an agent from Xerxes, mentioning to him a vaſt ſum of money, he calmly anſwered, "Money, Sir, is a thing which muſt have nothing to do betwixt you and I.—If the King, your maſter, is inclined to do good, as an ally to Thebes, my friendſhip

ſhall coſt him nothing: but if his deſign has any other views, all the gold and ſilver he poſſeſſes will never purchaſe one who ſuffers not the whole riches of the world ſo much as to enter into competition with the love of his country." So Thebes, by his merit only, was raiſed to the higheſt pitch of glory, as Athens was kept from deſtruction ſolely by Demoſthenes.

## OF LADY G———.

LORD G——— had by his irregularity brought his health into a very critical ſtate, and his phyſicians recommended matrimony to him, as the moſt certain method of living regularly: he accordingly formed a reſolution of offering his hand to the firſt woman he could fancy; when being one day, in the ſpring, in Kenſington Gardens, and a heavy ſhower falling, he was obliged to take ſhelter in the ſame covered ſeat as two ladies, one of whom was Miſs V——n. A converſation enſued, in which he aſked the ladies if they had a carriage, to which they replied in the negative,—he entreated them to take part of his, to convey them to town, which, with little entreaty, they accepted. On their way to town, Miſs V—— ſaid, ſhe thought it was the eaſieſt carriage ſhe ever had been in, to which his Lordſhip politely replied, "ſhe might be the miſtreſs of it, whenever ſhe pleaſed," Miſs V——

bluſhed and thanked him, and they were married within a month from that day.

## OF SALADIN, SOLDAN OF EGYPT.

SALADIN, the Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominions enough of his own, was always ready, when occaſion offered, to make free with other people's. At his return, without ſucceſs, from the ſiege of Monſul, in Syria, he ſeized into his hands the whole Lordſhip of Emeſſa, in prejudice to the right of Naſir Eddin, the young Prince who claimed it. And this he did upon pretence, that the father of the youth had forfeited it, by giving countenance to confederacies againſt the Soldan's intereſt. Saladin, however, ordered that proper care ſhould be taken of the injured Prince's education: and being deſirous to obſerve what progreſs he made in his ſtudies, he was brought one day before the Soldan, who aſked him, with much gravity, in what part of the Alcoran he was reading? I am come, replied the young Prince, (to the ſurpriſe of all who were near him) to that verſe which informs me, that he who devours the eſtates of orphans, is not a King, but a Tyrant. The Soldan was much ſtartled at the turn and ſpirit of his repartee; but, after ſome pauſe and recollection, returned the youth this generous anſwer; "He who ſpeaks with ſuch reſolution, would act

with ſo much courage, that I reſtore you to your father's poſſeſſions, leſt I ſhould be thought to ſtand in fear of a virtue which I only reverence."

## OF BISHOP WARBURTON.

A Fantaſtical Preacher, in one of our new built London chapels, who belonged to the Biſhop's dioceſe, one day wrote to him for leave of non-reſidence upon his living. "You had better," replied the Biſhop, "do your duty in your pariſh, than play your monkey tricks at the chapel in ——— ſtreet."

On the admiſſion of a certain modeſt Divine to be the Biſhop's chaplain, a lively inmate of the houſe obſerved, "what an excellent ſallad they ſhould now have, the Chaplain's oil coaleſcing ſo well with the Biſhop's vinegar."

## OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

HIS Majeſty being *incognito* at Amſterdam, wiſhed to ſpeak to a banker who was to pay him a conſiderable ſum of money. He therefore went to his houſe; but not finding him at home, the banker's wife ſaid he would ſoon be back and if he choſe he might wait in the parlour, the door of which ſhe

opened. The King, who did not diſcover himſelf to the lady, accepted the propoſal; but was not in the leaſt aware of the compliment he was going to receive; for ſhe begged him to leave his ſhoes at the door. The King ſcraped and wiped them as clean as poſſible; but all in vain;—he was at laſt obliged to ſubmit to the ceremony. The lady was not polite enough to ſtay with him 'till her huſband returned, which was ſhortly after, and who was much aſtoniſhed to ſee the monarch under his roof; but was near ſinking with ſhame when he ſaw him without his ſhoes. Throwing himſelf on his knees to beg pardon for his wife: "Heavens, why did not your Majeſty diſcover yourſelf?" "Quite the contrary," ſaid the King, "I took pains not to do it: for the King of Pruſſia himſelf could not have releaſed me from this little ceremony." In this he was not deceived. The banker's wife was called. "What have you done?" exclaimed the huſband, informing her of the quality of his viſitor. "Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeneſs." Well, ſays ſhe, I cannot help it: kings and queens muſt ſubmit—don't I pull off my ſhoes, although the miſtreſs of the apartment? You are perfectly right, madam, anſwered this beſt of kings. "Now, my dear Sir, are you convinced? I was certain that my ſubmiſſion, and keeping *incognito*, would ſave the King of Pruſſia from diſgrace."

## OF THE GREAT FREDERICK.

DURING the life of the late King of Pruſſia, a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin, and had made frequent applications for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwiſe to attempt, at laſt ſent a letter to his Majeſty, imploring permiſſion to travel for the benefit of his health. The King ſent the following anſwer to the Iſraelite, in his own hand:

" Dear Ephraim,

" Nothing but Death ſhall part us.

" FREDERICK."

## OF A COUNSELLOR FAMED FOR HIS ELOQUENCE AND COVETOUSNESS.

A Certain Counſellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetouſneſs, and who ſeldom conſidered the goodneſs of the cauſe that he undertook, provided his client could pay him, was conſulted by a notorious robber, who promiſed him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader ſo dexterouſly managed, that he ſaved the rogue from the gallows: and the client, to ſhew his gratitude to his good friend, as ſoon as freed, haſtened to his houſe, and preſented him with a thouſand crowns. The Counſellor in return to ſo

generous a client, ſolicited the favour of his company to ſupper, and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The gueſt aroſe in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hoſpitable hoſt, and without ceremony bound and gagged him—re-pocketed his thouſand crowns, and broke open a cheſt, in which he found plenty of ſilver and gold, with which (after wiſhing him a good-night) he marched off in triumph. If we ſcreen a villain at the expence of our conſcience, from law and juſtice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.

## OF THE FAMOUS WALLER.

AFTER that remarkable, and never to be forgotten period of time, when the moſt unfortunate prince fell a ſacrifice to the fury of an incenſed and enthuſiaſtic people, and there was ſome reaſon to think the royal family of the Stuarts would never fill the throne of theſe kingdoms; Waller made his court to the Protector, and beſtowed the moſt laviſh encomiums on that artful, that pretended guardian of Engliſh liberty. He arrayed tyranny, murder, and uſurpation in the robes of mercy, juſtice, and benevolence. But when Charles was recalled, and took poſſeſſion of the throne of his anceſtors, the poet changed his ſtrain, congratulated the monarch's

restoration, and celebrated the happiness that would undoubtedly flow from that very monarchial government, which he had before considered as a species of tyranny, and an unjust restraint upon British liberty.

When he presented his poem to the King, which was done in a crowded drawing-room, and doubtless, every one impatient to know how his Majesty would receive both the poet and his performance, as the pains he had taken to ingratiate himself both with Cromwell and his son, Richard, were sufficiently known, some expected he would have been forbid the Court, and the person who had introduced him have received a severe reprimand: but those who thought in this manner, did not sufficiently know the character of that prince. He read the verses to himself, and then looking at Mr. Waller, with a smile said, "these lines are extremely good; but I think several of those you wrote on the Protector were still better." Waller, with a presence of mind equal to his other great talents, replied, with a low bow, "O may it please your Majesty, we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

This answer, and the manner in which it was made, entirely removed all the remains of discontent, the King might have conceived against him for his former behaviour; and whatever he wrote afterwards always met with a favourable reception; wit being, in that prince, a sufficient sanction for almost any offence, when it regarded only himself.

## OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER, ANNIBAL CARRACHE.

AMONG the beautiful paintings, none are more deſervedly admired than thoſe in the Farneſian Gallery. They are executed in Freſco by Annibal Carrache, and repreſent the amours of the Gods and Goddeſſes, with the hiſtory of Andromeda. All the paintings were ſo ſurpriſingly beautiful, that the beſt judges are of opinion, that no gallery in the univerſe can be compared to this. But merit is not always properly rewarded. Carrache experienced this; for when the gallery was finiſhed, Pope Paul III. aſked his favourite Gioſeppino, otherwiſe Joſeph d'Arpino, what reward the painter deſerved for this admirable performance. D'Arpino, who was himſelf a painter, and extremely jealous of Carrache's high reputation, told the Pope that two thouſand crowns would do very well, though he knew, in his conſcience, that an hundred thouſand would hardly be a ſufficient equivalent. The ſilly Pontiff liſtened to his adviſer; and Carrache hearing of this unjuſt tranſaction was ſo enraged, that he ſwore by his Maker, that he would be revenged both of the Pope and his adviſer. He ſet out immediately for Naples, and, having no money, was obliged to travel on foot.

The firſt ſtage he ſtopped at was a wretched village, called Piperno, where the fatigues of his journey, and the vexations of his mind, threw him into a long and dangerous fit of illneſs. To com-

plete the poor artiſt's misfortunes, his landlord grew very inſolent, taking every opportunity of teazing him for money. Carrache was long at a loſs how to pacify his rude hoſt; but at laſt thought of the following expedient, which he apprehended would at once ſatisfy the inn-keeper, and his own reſentment againſt the Pope. He had recourſe to his pencil and colours, drew on a piece of broken cheſt, an aſs of a monſtrous ſize, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the ignorant Pontiff's arms. The driver of this beaſt was proportionably large and tall, repreſenting to the life the envious Gioſeppino. The picture being finiſhed, Carrache adviſed his landlord to ſet it up inſtead of the old ſign-poſt of his inn. This being done, the novelty of the painting drew the eyes of travellers, and occaſioned a very conſiderable quantity of money to be ſpent in the houſe. Many of them being well acquainted with Gioſeppino, ſoon gueſſed the true reaſon of this portrait being placed there. This occaſioned a great deal of mirth and laughter in Rome, at the expence of the Pope and his worthleſs favourite, whoſe exceſſive mortification is much eaſier imagined than expreſſed. Thus the poor and injured painter found means to reward his landlord for his trouble and expence, and at the ſame time to mortify his enemies.

## OF THE CELEBRATED DUKE DE ROCLORE, THE FAVOURITE WIT AND BUFFOON OF LEWIS XIV.

THE Duke de Roclore was in his perſon far from being agreeable: his countenance was rather forbidding, and his perſon aukward. Another Nobleman, whoſe perſonal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagoniſt in a duel, applied to the Duke for his intereſt and protection, knowing it was the only channel thro' which he could obtain a pardon. The Duke readily engaged in his friend's intereſt, and fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had finiſhed his fit of laughter, and given his royal promiſe, he added, but for Heaven's ſake, Roclore, what could induce you to be ſo ſtrenuous in his interceſſion? "I will tell your Majeſty: if he had ſuffered, I then ſhould have been the ugliеſt man in all France."

## OF GEORGE THE FIRST.

THIS illuſtrious Monarch evinced by his words and actions the true ſenſe which he entertained of the duty of a King. Among the many proofs of this kind, the following ſhould not be forgotten.

In anſwer to a petition of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, on the 6th of

November, 1718, his Majeſty ſaid, "I ſhall be glad, not only for your ſakes but my own, if any defects, which may touch the rights of my good ſubjects, are diſcovered in my time, ſince that will furniſh me with the means of giving you and all my people an indiſputable proof of my tenderneſs of their privileges."

## OF THE GREAT LORD HALLIFAX, AND MR. ADDISON.

MR. Addiſon had the honour to accompany Lord Hallifax when he ſet out for Greenwich, to wait upon King George the Firſt. Before he went, he took him into his library, and with an air that ſpoke the infinite ſatisfaction of his mind, expreſſed himſelf in theſe words:—"Well, Sir, we have at length gained a complete victory; the Hanover ſucceſſion takes place, the King is landed, and we ſhall ſoon have the pleaſure to kiſs his hand. You are ſo much my friend, that I muſt tell you plainly I expect to have the white ſtaff; and I have been long conſidering, and am come to a reſolution how to behave: I came into the world with little or no fortune: every man will try to make his private circumſtances eaſy; I thank God, I have made mine ſo: I have got more money than it is, perhaps, proper every body ſhould know, and I am come to a full reſolution to ſet up my reſt, as to that point,

where I am. I have been in my time a good deal in hot water, and as deeply engaged in parties as moſt men. To ſay the truth, I have done a great many things in the ſpirit of party, which, when I reflect on ſeriouſly, I am heartily aſhamed of. I reſolve, by the help of God, to make King George —not the head of a party, but the King of a glorious nation. To be ſure a great many people muſt be removed from their poſts: the Tories themſelves can't expect it ſhould be otherwiſe; and it would be the higheſt ingratitude not to reward ſeveral gentlemen, who have borne the heat of the day, and run all hazards for the houſe of Hanover; yet at the ſame time, if his Majeſty will take my advice, there ſhall be no cruelties, no barbarities committed; every worthleſs fellow that has called himſelf a Whig, got drunk, and bawled at an election, ſhall not diſplace a man of ten times his own merit, only becauſe he is a reputed Tory. I think I know that party; ſome of them did mean to elevate the Pretender; but yet there are others among them, that are as worthy men as ever lived. It is time the nation ſhould be united; we ſhall then, indeed be a formidable people. I hope this glorious work has been reſerved by providence for the reign of his preſent Majeſty. I have told you already, that I do not propoſe to lay up a farthing out of the preſent profits of my poſt. I deſign to live in ſuch a manner, as I hope ſhall be no diſhonour to my maſter; and will, if poſſible, put an end to the ſcandalous practice of buying places. I am firm'y

reſolved to recommend no man for a poſt in the government but ſuch an one as I believe to be a man of merit, and who will be a credit to his country and his King. As for you, Addiſon, as ſoon as I have got the ſtaff myſelf, I intend to recommend you to his Majeſty for one of his Secretaries of State,"

Mr. Addiſon, told his Lordſhip, that he did not aim at ſo high a poſt; and deſired him to remember he was not a ſpeaker of the Houſe of Commons. Lord Hallifax briſkly replied, "Come, prithee, Addiſon, no unſeaſonable modeſty: I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very view: thou haſt now the beſt right of any man in England to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be a ſort of diſplacing thee not to make thee ſo. If thou couldſt but get over that ſilly ſheepiſhneſs of thine, that makes thee ſit in the houſe and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good ſenſe, I ſhould be glad to ſee it; but ſince I believe it is impoſſible, we muſt contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been a credit to thy country, and I dare ſay will be a credit to thy King."

With theſe ſentiments Lord Hallifax waited upon George the Firſt at Greenwich, when he ſoon found that he had been a little too ſanguine. Meaſures were taken very different from thoſe which Lord Hallifax thought would have been moſt for the ſervice of his King and country.

## OF KING SIGAR.

THE method which King Sigar took of gaining the affections of Avilda, daughter to the King of Gothland, was ſomewhat uncommon. This lady, contrary to the manners and diſpoſition of her ſex, exerciſed the profeſſion of piracy, and was ſcouring the ſeas with a powerful fleet, while a foreign prince was offering ſacrifices to her beauty at the ſhrine of love. Perceiving that this maſculine lady was not to be gained by the uſual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary reſolution of addreſſing her in a method more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in queſt of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without intermiſſion; thus gaining poſſeſſion of a heart, to be conquered only by valour.

## CONCERNING QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A Carter had three times been at Windſor with his cart to carry away upon ſummons of a removal from thence, ſome part of the ſtuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time, that the removal held not, the Queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, ſaid, *Now*

*I ſee that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife,* which words being overheard by her Majeſty, who then ſtood at the window, ſhe ſaid, *What a villain is this?* and ſo ſent him three angels to ſtop his mouth.

## OF THE LATE JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

DURING the progreſs of the bill which he introduced into the Houſe of Commons, for the regulation of the infant pariſh-poor, he was obliged to be inceſſantly going about to the members of the clerks, and to bring down his evidences; for he was his own ſolicitor. His coachman, which had not the ſame motives to ſoften his fatigue, which his maſter felt, after driving him about from dawn 'till near the evening, was ſtopped in the Strand, in their way to the Parliament Houſe, by a crowd of carriages. The old gentleman, full of the great object then on his hands, and impatient of the leaſt delay, put his head through the window of his carriage, and began to rate his coachman for not getting on; called him blockhead, fool, &c. and directed him how to drive, to extricate himſelf from the crowd. Upon which, the fellow deſcended from the box, with great ſeeming compoſure, and ſaid, "If you think you can drive better than I can, you may drive yourſelf." He accordingly came home, and brought his whip with him. The

carriage was driven home by a porter; and Mr. Hanway purſued his way on foot.

## OF ANN, DUTCHESS OF ALBERMARLE, WHO LIVED IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

ANN CLARGES, Dutcheſs of Albermarle, was the daughter of a blackſmith, who gave her an education ſuitable to the employment ſhe was bred to, which was that of a milliner. As the manners are generally formed early in life, ſhe retained ſomething of the ſmith's daughter, even at her higheſt elevation. She was firſt the miſtreſs, afterwards the wife of General Monk; who had ſuch an opinion of her underſtanding, that he often conſulted her in the greateſt emergencies. As ſhe was a thorough Royaliſt, it is probable ſhe had no inconſiderable ſhare in the reſtoration.—She is ſuppoſed to have recommended ſeveral of the privy-counſellors in the liſt which the General preſented to the King ſoon after his landing. It is more than probable that ſhe carried on a very lucrative trade in ſelling of offices, which were generally filled by ſuch as gave her moſt money. She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon; and had ſo great an influence over her huſband, as to prevail upon him to aſſiſt in the ruin of that great man, though he was one of his beſt friends. Indeed, the General was afraid to offend, her, as ſhe preſently

took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great miſtreſs of all the low eloquence of abuſive rage, and ſeldom failed to diſcharge a volley of curſes againſt ſuch as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain, than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife.

## OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majeſty once, on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carriage broke down between the Brill and Helvoetſluys, was obliged to ſtay at an obſcure public-houſe on the road, whilſt ſome of his ſervants went forward to order another carriage. The refreſhment he had there, was a pot of coffee for himſelf and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Holland's gin, made into punch, for the footmen: however, when the bill came to be called for, the honeſt Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the following charge: "To refreſhments for his Sacred Majeſty King George the Second, and houſehold, £.91." Lord Delawar was ſo provoked at ſuch an impoſition, that he could not forbear raiſing his voice ſo loud, that the King overheard him, and inſiſted upon knowing the particulars; which his Lordſhip had no ſooner informed him of, than he

very good-humouredly replied, "He is a very great rogue: however, my Lord, let him be paid: Kings ſeldom call this way."

---

## OF THE LATE GENERAL GANSEL'S PROMOTION.

MANY years ago the late King had a violent pain in his thumb, which, after many ineffectual experiments, made by the ſtate phyſicians, was conſigned over to Dr. Ward, who was at that time in great vogue with the public. Previous to Ward's admiſſion to the royal preſence, he had minutely acquainted himſelf with the diſorder, and had prepared himſelf with a particular noſtrum, which he had concealed in the hollow of his hand. When he was introduced, he begged his Majeſty would permit him to look at his hand; which the King complied with; when Ward gave him ſuch a ſudden wrench that the King called him a raſcal, and at the ſame time gave him a kick on the ſhins. Ward bore all this patiently, till finding him a little cool, he deſired him to ſtir his thumb, which he did to his very great ſurpriſe, without the leaſt pain whatever.—The King was ſo tranſported with this ſudden relief, that he called him his Æſculapius: made him ſit down in his preſence, and inſiſted upon knowing how he could ſerve him. Ward replied, that he thought the honour and pleaſure he received in giving him eaſe was ſufficient; but that ſince his

Majeſty was ſo obliging, he told him he had a nephew (meaning the late General Ganſel) who was unprovided for, and any favour granted him, he ſhould conſider as beſtowed on himſelf. The King, after firſt inſiſting on himſelf accepting a ſtate coach, immediately ſent his nephew a pair of colours in the Guards, and by degrees made him a Lieutenant-General.

## OF THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

WHEN this great ſtateſman had ſettled a plan for ſome ſea expedition he had in view, he ſent orders to Lord Anſon to ſee the neceſſary arrangements taken immediately, and the number of ſhips required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was ſent from the Admiralty to remonſtrate on the impoſſibility of obeying them. He found his Lordſhip in the moſt excruciating pain, from one of the moſt ſevere fits of the gout he had ever experienced.—"Impoſſible, Sir," ſaid he, "don't talk to me of impoſſibilities," and then raiſing himſelf upon his legs, while the ſweat ſtood in large drops on his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulſed with agony, "Go, Sir, and tell his Lordſhip, that he has to do with a miniſter who actually treads on impoſſibilities."

## ROYAL ANECDOTE.

AS an inſtance of the excellent manner in which the Royal children are educated, one inſtance is worthy of mention reſpecting their pocket money. The younger ones have all a ſtated ſum allowed, proportioned to their age; and the Queen requires them to give an account, how they diſpoſe of it, when they receive a lecture, if a conſiderable portion is not beſtowed in ſome commendable charity, that is free from oſtentation. Every one chuſes how he will beſtow his money. One of the little ones hearing a newſpaper read, ſaid to the Queen, "Mamma, I can't think what a priſon is?" Upon its being explained, and underſtanding that the priſoners were half-ſtarved for want,—"That," replied the child, "is very cruel, for the priſon is bad enough without ſtarving. I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor priſoners;" which being ordered, was ſent accordingly. Thus it is, that in the minutiæ of education, principles of humanity and tenderneſs are inſtilled, which are much more likely to form the mind, than the moſt ſolemn arguments, and tedious reaſonings.

## OF VOLTAIRE.

THE late Empreſs of Ruſſia once ſent this celebrated genius a little ivory box made by her own

hands. Voltaire, upon this, got his niece to inſtruct him in knitting ſtockings, and actually half finiſhed a pair of white ſilk, when he came completely tired. In this unfiniſhed ſtate he ſent them to the Empreſs, with a charming poetical epiſtle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as ſhe had preſented him with a piece of man's workmanſhip, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of women's work, from the hands of a man.

## OF DR. JOHNSON.

A Gentleman obſerving to the Doctor, that there was leſs vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, ſaid there was no inſtance of a beggar dying in the ſtreets there. "I believe you are very right, Sir, ſays Johnſon, but that does not ariſe from the want of vagrants, *but the impoſſibility of ſtarving a Scotchman.*"

## OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND.

WHILE the Marquis reſided in France, after the unfortunate defeat of Charles II. at Worceſter, his finances were in a very diſorderly condition; the King was unable to aſſiſt him, and the Parlia-

ment had ſeized all his eſtates. In theſe diſtreſsful circumſtances the Nobility of France ſhewed him great civilities, and invited him to ſpend ſome time at their country-ſeats: among the reſt a nobleman of great quality carried him to his houſe at St. Germains, in Laye, where he entertained him, for ſome time, in a manner perfectly ſuitable to his own rank and that of his gueſt. At his coming away, the Marquis, in compliance with a very inconvenient Engliſh cuſtom, left with the maitre d'hotel ten piſtoles to be diſtributed amongſt the ſervants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumſtance, and contriving how to raiſe a ſmall ſupply for the preſent uſe, he was ſurprized at being told by his ſervant, that the nobleman at whoſe houſe he had been entertained, was driving furiouſly behind him on the road, as if he was deſirous of overtaking him. It ſeems, the Marquis had ſcarce left St. Germains, when the diſtribution of the money he had given, cauſed a great diſturbance among the ſervants, who exalting their own ſervices and attendance, complained of the maitre d'hotel's partiality. The nobleman hearing an unuſual noiſe among his family, and upon inquiring into the matter, diſcovered the real cauſe, took the ten piſtoles himſelf, and cauſing horſes to be put immediately to his chariot, made all the haſte poſſible after the Marquis of Ormond. The Marquis, upon his coming up, alighted from his horſe, while

the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and reſpect; but was ſtrangely ſurprized to find a coldneſs in the nobleman, which forbade all embraces, till he had received ſatisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He aſked the Marquis if he had any reaſon to complain of any diſreſpect he had met with in the too mean, but friendly entertainment which his houſe afforded? and being anſwered by the Marquis that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never paſſed ſo many days more agreeably in his life; and could not but wonder why the other could ſuſpect the contrary. The nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten piſtoles to be diſtributed among the ſervants was treating his houſe as an inn, and was therefore the greateſt affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own ſervants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himſelf; that he conſidered him as a ſtranger that might be unacquainted with the cuſtoms of France, and commit the error from ſome practice deemed leſs diſhonourable in his own country, otherwiſe his reſentment would have prevented expoſtulation; but as the caſe ſtood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he muſt either redreſs the miſtake by receiving back the ten piſtoles, or give him the uſual ſatisfaction of men of honour from an avowed affront: the Marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with leſs anxiety about his ſubſiſtence.

## OF THE CELEBRATED DR. GARTH.

WHILE Dr. Garth was detained in his chariot one day, in a little ſtreet near Covent-Garden, in conſequence of a bloody battle between two female bruiſers, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged him for God's ſake *to take a look* at her huſband, who was *in a mortal bad way;* adding, "I know you are a ſweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a *cute* doctor, and therefore make bold to *ax* your advice, for which I ſhall be obliged to you as long as I live."

The Doctor, whoſe good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, inſtead of being offended with the old woman's redundant addreſs to him, quited his chariot immediately, and followed her to her huſband; but finding by his appearance, that he wanted *food* more than *phyſic*, and having reaſon to believe, from the anſwers which they both returned to his queſtions, that they deſerved his charity as much as they excited his compaſſion, he ſat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

---

## OF ANTALCIDAS.

ANTALCIDAS, a Spartan, being about to enter into the Prieſthood, was aſked by the Prieſt,

what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life? he replied, "If I have performed any, the gods themſelves are acquainted with it."—How noble an inſtance of modeſty! How exalted a notion of the Deity! and ſurely nothing can be more fooliſh than to imagine, by the commemoration of our actions, we recommend ourſelves to the Deity, who, of whatever nature theſe actions may be, muſt have the cleareſt knowledge of their quality and worth.

---

## OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

WHILST the Romans were beſieging the city of Faliſca, a School-maſter contrived to lead the children of the principal men of the city into the Roman camp. The novelty of ſuch a baſeneſs ſurprized them, and they ſo much abhorred it, that immediately they ordered the arms of the traitor to be tied, gave each of the ſcholars rods, and bid them whip him back to the city, and return to their parents. They did ſo accordingly, and in ſo rigorous a manner, that the wretch died under their blows, as they entered the city. The generoſity of the Romans touched the Faliſcans ſo ſenſibly, that the next day, on honourable terms, they ſubmitted themſelves to the Romans.

OF SIR RICHARD STEELE AND MR. SAVAGE.

SIR Richard desired Mr. Savage to come very early to his house one morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, or whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprized at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid

for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer the new production to ſale for two guineas, which, with ſome difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and compoſed the pamphlet only to diſcharge his reckoning.

---

## OF THE LATE MR. FORDYCE, A BANKER.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aſpiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept caſh at his banking-houſe, one morning making a ſmall lodgment, he happened to ſay in the ſhop, "That if he could command ſome thouſands at preſent, there was a certain ſpeculation to be purſued, which in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was ſaid looſely, without Fordyce's making any anſwer, or ſeeming to attend to it, and no more paſſed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the ſame merchant was what they call *ſettling his book* with the houſe, he was very much ſurprized to ſee the ſum of 500l. placed to his credit ſide more than he knew he poſſeſſed. Thinking it a miſtake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who ſeeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, ſaid he muſt have paid it to him.

The merchant, however, knowing he had not,

begged to ſee Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "it was all right enough; for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the ſhop, gained him above 5000l. he thought him fairly entitled to the *tithe* of that ſum.

## OF LORD PERCY.

WHEN Lord Percy was with the army at Cork, previous to their departure for America, he obſerved a beautiful boy in the ranks as a cadet: he went up to him, aſked his name, and his connections. The boy anſwered, "My Lord, I am the ſon of an old officer, who after many years ſervice both abroad and at home, is now a Captain in the Royal Hoſpital near Dublin; I am his third ſon, and my two elder brothers are now in the army." His Lordſhip, not in the uſual mode of recommending the lad to his Majeſty for the next vacant commiſſion, but with a ſpirit, the inheritance of his noble family, inſtantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to lodge the money for an Enſigncy then to be ſold in the fifth regiment, and to name this boy as the ſucceſſor. The commiſſion was ſigned accordingly; and at Bunker's-Hill, Brandywine, &c. his Lordſhip's Enſign behaved with a degree of courage that reflected honour on the regiment.

## OF A DRUMMER.

IN the late war, an Engliſh drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was ſeized and brought before the French commander, on ſuſpicion of being a ſpy, diſguiſed in a drummer's uniform. On being aſked who he was by the general, he anſwered a drummer in the Engliſh ſervice. This not gaining credit, a drum was ſent for, and he was deſired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's ſuſpicion.—However, he deſired the drummer to beat a retreat, "A retreat, Sir!" replied the Briton, "I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the Engliſh ſervice." This anſwer ſo pleaſed the French officer, that he diſmiſſed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his ſpirited behaviour.

## OF LORD GEORGE GERMAINE.

LORD George Germaine, through the application of ſome of his relations, procured a living for a gentleman whom he had not the honour of knowing. For this civility, the gentleman waited on his Lordſhip to return him thanks. His Lordſhip being inclined to make his ſituation as eaſy as poſſible, acquainted him, that ſince he had procured

the living, a ſecond of equal value was within his gift, and he begged to recommend it to him in preference to the other, which was unluckily ſituated cloſe to a *powder-mill*. The young parſon, deſiring to expreſs a ſenſe of his gratitude, and alſo to give his Lordſhip a ſpecimen of his wit, unfortunately anſwered, *That he was much obliged to his Lordſhip for this ſecond mark of his favour, for he had as great an averſion to powder as Lord George Sackville.* His Lordſhip, unruffled, replied with the higheſt courteſy, *In that particular, Sir, you may find upon more mature conſideration, that common fame has deceived you*, without even betraying to the flippiant prieſt, that Lord George Germaine had been Lord George Sackville.

## OF A MAN OF QUALITY AND A FRENCH BISHOP.

A Nobleman adviſed a French Biſhop to make an addition to his houſe, of a new wing in the modern ſtile. The Biſhop immediately anſwered him, "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice, and that which the devil gave to our Saviour, is, that Satan adviſed Jeſus to change the ſtones into bread, that the poor might be fed, and you deſire me to turn the bread of the poor into ſtones."

## OF A NEGRO.

A Negro, who had become bankrupt, ſurrendered himſelf to his creditor, who, according to the eſtabliſhed cuſtom of the country in ſuch caſes, ſold him to the Danes. Before the departure of the veſſel for the Weſt Indies, the ſon of this man came to him on ſhipboard. After the tendereſt effuſions of ſenſibility on both ſides, the ſon reſpectfully reproached the father for not having made uſe of the power the law gave him, of ſelling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earneſtneſs, to be allowed to take his place: but the father not leſs generous than the ſon, having refuſed to agree to this exchange, the ſon applied to the owner of the ſlaves, and had no difficulty in perſuading him, that a young robuſt perſon was better able to bear the fatigue, than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the ſon was put in chains, and the father, in ſpite of himſelf, not being able to prevent it, was ſet at liberty. Mr. Iſert having been witneſs to this generous conteſt, was ſo affected by it, as to repreſent it to the governor, who, moved by the ſtory, ſent for the owner of the ſlaves, paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and reſtored the ſon to his father.

Thoſe who wiſh to degrade human nature, and vilify the works of God, muſt often meet with facts which contradict their deteſtable *hypotheſis*.

God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propenſity of the human mind to beneficence and kindneſs, in all nations, and among every people. Whoever attempts to inculcate an oppoſite doctrine, is guilty of treaſon,—not againſt the king,—not againſt the nation, but againſt the Majeſty of human nature.

## OF MR. ANDREW MILLAR, A BOOKSELLER.

EVERY body has heard of the book entitled, '*Burn's Juſtice of the Peace.*' The author of that book, Mr. Burn, was a curate in ſome of the northern counties of England. When he had completed it, he ſet out for London to diſpoſe of it in the beſt way he could. When he arrived there, being an entire ſtranger in town, he applied to the landlord of the inn where he ſtopped, a decent looking, obliging ſort of a man, to ſee if he could recommend him to any bookſeller, who might be likely to purchaſe his manuſcript. The landlord readily introduced him to a bookſeller of his acquaintance, who upon having the matter explained to him, begged to look at the manuſcript. The papers were put into his hands, which he returned in a few days, telling the diſappointed author, that he could not venture to give more than twenty pounds for the book. This offer Burn could not think of accepting. He returned very melancholy to his lodging,

ſincerely repenting that he had ever put pen to paper on that ſubject.

By this time, Mr. Andrew Millar was well eſtabliſhed in buſineſs, and his name had been ſeveral times mentioned with ſome degree of reſpect to Mr. Burn; ſo that he reſolved to wait upon him, without any perſon to introduce him. He went, communicated his buſineſs in a few words, was politely received, and informed, that if he would truſt the manuſcript with him for a few days, he ſhould be able to give him an anſwer; and in the mean time, as he was from home, he aſked the author to dine with him each day, till they ſhould conclude about the buſineſs. Mr. Millar, who did not depend upon his own judgment in caſes of this ſort, ſent the manuſcript to a young lawyer, with whom he uſually adviſed in regard to law-books. The gentleman after reading the performance, returned it to Mr. Millar, and informed him, that if he could purchaſe the copy right for two hundred pounds, he would certainly have a great bargain;—for the book was extremely well written, and much wanted, ſo that the ſale of it muſt be very conſiderable.

Mr. Millar having received this information, met the author the next day as uſual, and then aſked what price he demanded for his work? The author diſpirited with the former offer, ſaid he was at a loſs what to aſk; for he had been already offered ſo ſmall a price, that rather than accept of any thing like it, he would throw the papers behind the

fire. What was this offer? ſaid Mr. Millar. Only twenty pounds, ſaid Mr. Burn, with great ingenuouſneſs. But, ſaid Mr. Millar, would you think *two hundred guineas* too little? Too little! ſays Burn in ſurpriſe;—No. Well then ſaid Mr. Millar, the book ſhall be mine, and you ſhall have the money when you pleaſe. The bargain was inſtantly ſtruck, and a bottle of good port was drank to the good luck of it. Mr. Millar found no reaſon to repent of his frankneſs, for the book ſold amazingly well; nor had the author any reaſon to be diſſatisfied with his bargain, for Mr. Millar, with a ſpirit of candour and liberality, that does not always belong to men of his profeſſion, frankly ſent *a hundred guineas* to the author for every edition of the book that was printed in his life time; and theſe were many: inſomuch, that by the ſale of this book alone, he cleared no leſs than *eleven thouſand pounds*.

---

## OF AN ASTROLOGER.

An Aſtrologer in the time of Lewis XI. extricated himſelf very ingeniouſly from danger. He had foretold to the king, that a lady whom he loved ſhould die in eight days; which having happened, the prince cauſed the aſtrologer to be brought before him, and commanded his ſervants not to fail to throw him out at the window, at a

ſignal which he would give them. As ſoon as the king ſaw him: "You who pretend to be ſuch a wiſe man," ſays he to him, "and who knows ſo exactly the fate of others, tell me this moment, what will be yours, and how long you have yet to live?" Whether it was that the aſtrologer had been ſecretly informed of the deſign of the king, or that he gueſſed it: 'Sire,' anſwered he, without teſtifying any fear, 'I ſhall die juſt three days before your Majeſty.' The king, after that anſwer was not in haſte to give the ſignal for them to throw him out of the window; on the contrary he took particular care to let him want for nothing.

## OF SIR THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a a gentleman to pay a ſum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged; to whom the Gentleman ſaid, "Then I hope your lordſhip will grant me a long day to pay it;" "I will grant your motion," ſaid the Chancellor, "Monday next is *St. Barnabas' day*, which is the longeſt day in the year; pay it to the widow on that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

## OF THE LATE LORD R———.

The late Lord R———, with many good qualities, and even learning, and parts, had a ſtrong deſire of being thought ſkilful in phyſic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Cheſterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occaſion wiſhed to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having converſed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and deſired his lordſhip to feel his pulſe. It was found to beat high, and a hint of loſing blood was given. "I have no objection, and, as I heard your lordſhip has a maſterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the houſe to-day!" Lord R——— anſwered, "I did not intend to go, not being ſufficiently informed of the queſtion which is to be debated; but you who have conſidered it, which ſide will you be off?"—The Earl, having gained his confidence, eaſily directed his judgment: he carried him to the houſe, and got him to vote as he pleaſed. He uſed afterwards to ſay, that none of his friends had done ſo much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

## OF ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

WHILE this gentleman commanded the ſquadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the miniſtry by the merchants trading to the Levant, &c. of the piracies of the Algerines. Theſe complaints were paſſed over, 'till two ſhips richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was ſo flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the Miniſtry could no longer be ſilent. Accordingly, orders were ſent to the Admiral, to ſail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand reſtitution of the Dey; and in caſe of a refuſal, had an unlimited power to make repriſals.

The Admiral's ſquadron caſt anchor in the offing, in the bay of Algiers, facing the Dey's palace. He went aſhore, attended only by his captain and barge's crew, proceeding to the palace, where he demanded an immediate audience; and being conducted into the Dey's preſence, he laid open his embaſſy, and, in his maſter's name, deſired ſatisfaction for the injuries done to the ſubjects of his Britannic Majeſty. Surpriſed and enraged at the boldneſs of the Admiral's remonſtrance, the Dey exclaimed, "That he wondered at the Engliſh King's inſolence, in ſending him a fooliſh beardleſs boy." The Admiral replied, "That if his maſter had ſuppoſed that wiſdom had been meaſured by the length of the beard, he would have ſent his Deyſhip a he-goat."

Unuſed to ſuch language from the ſycophants of his own court, this reply put him beſide himſelf, and, forgetting the laws of all nations in reſpect to ambaſſadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-ſtring, at the ſame time telling the admiral he ſhould pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the Admiral took him to a window facing the bay, and ſhewing him the Engliſh fleet riding at anchor, told him, that if it was his pleaſure to put him to death, there were Engliſhmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wiſe enough to take the hint: the Admiral came off in ſafety, and ample reſtitution was made.

## OF JUSTIN MARTYR.

JUSTIN MARTYR, a philoſopher, who received Chriſtianity five and twenty years after the death of Ignatius, plainly tells us, in his relation of converſion to the Chriſtian faith, 'That the power of 'godlineſs in a plain, ſimple Chriſtian, had that 'influence and operation on his ſoul, that he could 'not but betake himſelf to a ſerious and ſtrict life:' and yet before he was a Cynick, a ſtrict ſect: and it gave him joy at his martyrdom, that he had ſpent his days as a ſerious teacher, and a good example. And Euſebius relates, 'That though he was a fol-'lower of Plato's doctrine, yet, when he ſaw the

'Chriſtians' piety and courage, he concluded, No 'people ſo temperate, leſs voluptuous, and more 'ſet on divine things:' which firſt induced him to become a Chriſtian.

## A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was one morning ſtanding at his ſtudy window, and from thence obſerved a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his ſervants, which the fellow at firſt refuſed, with an inſolent and ſurley aſpect. The woman, however, preſſed her ſuit with all the energy of diſtreſs, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whoſe ſoul was the ſeat of compaſſion, ſaw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her miſery.—He every moment expected the ſervant with the paper; but to his ſurpriſe and indignation, an hour elapſed, and the man did not preſent it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner ſtill retained her ſtation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the houſe. The benevolent divine loſt all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he obſerved the ſervant croſs the ſtreet, and return the paper with the utmoſt *ſang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the caſe, he threw up the ſaſh, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. 'It is a petition, pleaſe your Reverence,' replied the woman. 'Bring it up raſcal,' cried the enraged Dean.—The ſur-

priſed and petrified ſervant obeyed. With Swift, to know was to pity,—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was inſtantly made happy,—and the ſervant almoſt as inſtantly turned out of doors, with the following written teſtimonial of his conduct: "The bearer lived two years in my ſervice, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honeſt, I excuſed; but at laſt detecting him in a flagrant inſtance of cruelty, I diſcharged him."—Such were the conſequences of this paper, that for ſeven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the Dean forgave him; and, in conſequence of another paper equally ſingular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

## OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his laſt illneſs, the king endured many reſtleſs nights: it was his cuſtom to converſe with the ſervant who ſat up with him, by way of entertainment. He ſaid, one night, "I cannot enjoy the leaſt repoſe—do relate ſomething to me."—The poor ſervant, an honeſt young Pomeranian, was doubtleſs at a loſs how to amuſe the king, wherefore he kindly furniſhed him with a ſubject, by aſking, "From whence do you come?"—"From

a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does ſhe maintain herſelf?" "By ſpinning."—"How much does ſhe gain daily by it?" "Sixpence." "But ſhe cannot live well on that?"—"In Pomerania it is cheap living." "Did you never ſend her any thing?" "O yes! I have ſent her at different times a few dollars." "That was bravely done you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—I ſhall endeavour to lay ſomething by for you, if you behave well." Thus the converſation ended. A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian's turn to ſit up with the king, he called him to his bedſide, and ſaid, "Look in that window; and you will find ſomething which I have laid by for you." The lad ſeeing many pieces of gold, was doubtful whether to take them all: at laſt he went to the king, with two in his hand, and ſaid, "Am I to have theſe?" "Yes," replied the good monarch, "all of them, and your mother has received ſome likewiſe." The boy, on inquiry, heard, to his great joy and ſurpriſe, ſhe had 100 rix dollars ſettled on her for life.

## OF A REMARKABLE LEARNED AND UNFORTUNATE SOLDIER.

IN the year 1724, Francis Brightwell, and Benjamin Brightwell, his brother, were tried at the

Old Bailey, for robbing John Pargiter on the highway, in the road to Hampſtead. The proſecutor ſwore very poſitively againſt them both; but after evidence had been given againſt them, Francis Brightwell, who was a grenadier, proved by ſeveral witneſſes, that he was upon the king's guard, at Kenſington, at the time the robbery was committed. Hereupon the court went into an inquiry concerning the reputation and character of the priſoner. And ſeveral colonels, majors, captains, and other military officers, appeared in favour of Francis Brightwell, and alledged, that they had known him long in the ſervice, and gave teſtimony as to his ſobriety and diligence in the diſcharge of the duty of a ſoldier. And as to his honeſty, a lady, who was preſent in the court, declared, that ſhe had entruſted him with a thouſand pounds at a time; and a gentleman declared, that he had committed his houſe and goods, to the value of ſix thouſand, to his keeping; in both which truſts Brightwell had acquitted himſelf to the ſatisfaction of the parties concerned. Theſe ample teſtimonies concurring to the honour of a man in ſo low a condition of life, greatly ſurpriſed the court, and all who were preſent: but their aſtoniſhment was increaſed, when Mr. Hughes, a clergyman, appeared alſo in the ſoldier's favour, and made the following declaration. "I have known Francis Brightwell, (ſaid he) near twenty years. He has always been reputed to be a perſon of the faireſt character for ſobriety, probity and juſtice. He has often

conſulted me concerning difficult paſſages in Virgil and Homer: for he is to an extraordinary degree accompliſhed with Latin and Greek literature, and has good ſkill in Roman antiquities; and, in a word, he carries ſo large a ſhare of exquiſite learning under his grenadier's cap, that I believe there is not ſuch another grenadier in the univerſe."

Mr. Hughes' teſtimony was corroborated by that of ſeveral others; and, upon the whole, the jury acquitted both Francis Brightwell and his brother. And it afterwards appeared, that the robbery with which they had been unjuſtly charged, was actually committed by Joſeph Blake, and the famous Jack Shepherd. However, this unfortunate accuſation proved fatal to Francis Brightwell, who died ſhortly after, of a diſorder that he contracted in goal, though he was attended by Sir Hans Sloane, then one of his Majeſty's phyſicians.

The following particulars are alſo related concerning this remarkable grenadier. He was contented in his ſtation, ſtudious at leiſure, and ambitious only of knowledge. He had offers of being promoted to the rank of corporal, or of ſerjeant, which he declined, that he might have as few avocations as poſſible from his ſtudies.—Neither did he covet money; and it is ſuppoſed, that had he been at the ſacking of a town, he would not have thought of carrying off any other plunder but a valuable book or two. The following inſtance is given of his diſregard of gain. He had an

excellent manner of cleaning and furbiſhing arms, for which he had his ſettled prices.—An officer, whoſe arms he had brightened, was ſo well pleaſed with his work, that he ſent Brightwell (over and above the uſual price) a guinea for a preſent. The philoſophic ſoldier took his price, and returned the guinea by the ſervant. Some time after, when the officer ſaw him, "Why," ſaid he to Brightwell, "would you not accept of the guinea I ſent you?" "I am paid for my work," replied the centinel, "and deſire no more." "Accept of a crown then," ſaid the officer, "if your modeſty makes you think a guinea too much." "Excuſe me, Sir," anſwered the veteran, "and do not think it vanity or affectation, when I refuſe your kindneſs; but, indeed, Sir, I do not want: but I am thirſty, and have no money about me; ſo that if your honour will be pleaſed to give me threepence to drink your health, I ſhall thankfully accept of it."

---

## OF BONNIFACE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the faſhion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at preſent, a humorous fellow of punning memory eſtabliſhed an alehouſe near the Pound, and wrote over his door, 'Ale ſold by the Pound.'—As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians reſorted to his houſe in great numbers, and ſometimes ſtaid

there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the University. Bonniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I am come here on purpose to clear myself."

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" 'No, and please your worship,' replied the wit. "How do you then!" said the Chancellor. 'Very well, I thank you, Sir,' replied the wit, 'how do you do?' The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I will say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; 'Sir,' said he, 'the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you,' and returned with him. 'Here, Sir,' said he, 'here he is,' "Who?" said the Chancellor. 'Why, Sir,' said he, 'you sent me for a rascal, and I have brought you the greatest that I know of.'

## OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himſelf *incog.* who inſiſted on taking care of his Majeſty's horſes, equipage, &c. and alſo to take him to a houſe made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were induſtriouſly employed in the ſervice of this illuſtrious traveller, who of courſe found this imagined hotel the beſt prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, ſuch fine ſwift horſes were fixed to his carriage, that he confeſſed they did honour to his landlord the poſtmaſter.—The poſtillion who drove him had not, as the reſt, the uſual ſtile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undreſſed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dreſs manifeſtly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horſe he had ſuch an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.—When the Emperor had taken his place in his carriage, the poſtillion ſet off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed ſtage with an aſtoniſhing ſpeed, and ſuch as no other horſes the Emperor had uſed could anyways equal. The dextrous poſtillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promiſed a place in the Emperor's ſervice, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' ſaid the poſtillion, in a jocoſe

manner. " Very well, (ſaid the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we will ſet off." ' Two, if you pleaſe, (ſaid the poſtillion) and then I will whip you over ſix more leagues in a trice.' One of the boys of the Inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, ſaluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a poſtillion.—The Emperor again got into his carriage. " Drive on, my friend, (ſaid he) you ſhall have ſomething more for your ſpeed." ' Oh, by my ſoul, no doubt, maſter, (ſaid the poſtillion) I find you are a worthy gentleman.' They preſently arrived at the ſtage, where they refreſhed; and the poſtillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the ſtable. " I never had ſuch a good relief of horſes, nor ſo good a poſtillion," ſaid the Emperor, to his new landlord. ' I believe it firmly, (ſaid the innkeeper) the horſes belong to his Highneſs the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himſelf was your poſtillion.' The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and ſeek the Prince; but it was needleſs; he had ſet off for his own palace, and it was impoſſible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely ſurpriſed at the ſingularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for ſuch a condeſcending ſervice.

## OF HENRY IV.

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry being very much in want of money, aſked one of his moſt truſty Courtiers where he could procure ſome.—The Courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife, a zealous royaliſt, who very probably might lend him ſome. The monarch adviſed his Confidant to pay a viſit immediately to the lady; and offered to accompany him in diſguiſe. At the cloſe of the evening, they both ſet out from Mante, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in queſtion, reſided. They were moſt hoſpitably received, and after the uſual congratulations on the ſucceſs of the King's army, the Courtier affecting an air of deep ſorrow,—"Alas! Madam, to what purpoſe are all our victories! We are in the greateſt diſtreſs imaginable: his Majeſty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt, and join the leaguers; Mayenne will triumph at laſt." 'Is it poſſible!' (exclaimed Madame le Clerc) 'but let not that afflict our gracious Sovereign, he will ſtill find new reſources; he fights for too noble and glorious a cauſe to be abandoned; many other perſons will follow my example!' On ſaying this, ſhe quitted the room, and returned with many bags full of gold, which ſhe laid at his feet. 'This is all I can do for the preſent, (adding ſhe gracefully) go and relieve the Prince of his anxiety; wiſh him

from me all the ſucceſs and happineſs he deſerves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his ſubjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his diſpoſal.'

Henry could not conceal himſelf any longer. "Generous woman; (cried he) my friend has no occaſion to go far to tell his Majeſty the excellency of your heart;—here he ſtands before you, and is a witneſs to your effuſions of ſenſibility. Be aſſured that the favour will be indelibly engraved on Henry's heart!"

Madame le Clerc fell at the Monarch's feet, without being able to utter a word; the Confidant wept, and Henry joined in the ſweet emotions. But the time was too precious to devote it ſolely to friendſhip and gratitude: for want of money the troops were ready to revolt every moment.—Henry and his friend took leave of the lady and went to the army, who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, *Vive le Roi!* (Long live the King!)

From that time ſucceſs attended every one of that Monarch's enterpriſes; and after having ſubdued his enemies, and rendered himſelf maſter of the capital, he ſent for Madame le Clerc one day, when the court was very brilliant and full:—In preſenting her to the nobility, "You ſee this lady, (ſays he) a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the ſucceſſes of my laſt campaigns. It was ſhe who lent me conſiderable ſums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops

threatened to abandon me. She ſhall be reimburſed with more than lawful intereſt; and letters patent of nobility ſhall forthwith be iſſued in her favour." "Ah! Sire (interrupted Madame le Clerc) do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleaſure I then felt, and have felt ever ſince, for having contributed to the happineſs and ſucceſs of my ſovereign? *That* is the only *intereſt* that belongs to me, and the only reward my ambition aims at." The lady accepted the title, but refuſed the offered intereſt. The family of Le Clerc, who have ſince diſtinguiſhed themſelves in civil and military capacities, ſtill exiſt. This act, properly drawn and engraved, might be the companion of the celebrated one where Sully preſents his Maſter with the money he had received by the ſale of the Royal foreſts.

## OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drurylane playhouſe, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of *bucks*, who took ſome liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

Sir William, whoſe courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentlemen to anſwer for their miſconduct.

One of the heroes ſteps forward, and ſays, "Sir, the lady wearing artificial colour on her

cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his subsequent conduct, did honour to his prowess and plain sincerity.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I may have mistaken the roses on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and simple nature; I shall be happy, if, by your means, I shall be cured of my illusion,—But I swear, by God, you shall never evade me, until I shall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your assertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Rose Tavern; there the experiment shall be made."

To the Rose they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, smeared with soap and pomatum. Obstinate nature prevailed—the roses did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their transgressions, and wished to depart in peace.

"Not so," says Sir William, "You have been satisfied, and so will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and she has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have yet to act: you must, on your knees, ask the lady's pardon." They did so.

"Now, gentlemen," said Sir William, "do not blush at your past conduct; the liberty you took was not only justifiable, but even proper, if, at your own risk, you ran the peril of the proof. If

I had proved her a *pict*, the moſt odious and perfidious of all impoſtors, I ſhould, in the language of Othello, 'have whiſtled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune;' but as ſhe is pure from that w——ſh contagion, I inſiſt on your ſupping, and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector."

## OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrum (who had been one of her attendants, became in ſome meaſure deſperate, on account of the loſs of a huſband whom ſhe dearly loved; a loſs which had been occaſioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princeſs, to whoſe retinue he had alſo belonged) formed a reſolution to revenge the death of both upon the perſon of Queen Elizabeth. To accompliſh her purpoſe, ſhe dreſſed herſelf in the habit of a man, aſſumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of Elizabeth with a pair of piſtols conſtantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity offered, and one to kill herſelf if her crime ſhould be diſcovered. One day, as ſhe was puſhing through the crowd in order to get to her Majeſty, who was then walking in the garden, ſhe accidently dropped one of the piſtols. This circumſtance being obſerved by the

guards, ſhe was immediately ſeized, in order to be ſent to priſon.—The Queen, however, interfered, and deſired to examine the culprit firſt. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a reſolution ſtill undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrum, and was ſeveral years in the ſervice of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjuſtly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the beſt of huſbands, who could not ſurvive that bloody cataſtrophe of his innocent miſtreſs. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardleſs of conſequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but, fruitleſs were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpoſe. I found myſelf conſtrained to prove by experience, the truth of the maxim, that neither reaſon nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when ſhe is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cauſe to reſent this ſpeech, ſhe heard it with coolneſs and moderation. "You are perſuaded, then," ſaid her Majeſty, "that in this ſtep you have done nothing but what your duty required:—What think you is my duty to do to you?" "Is that queſtion put in the character of a Queen, or that of a Judge," replied Margaret. With the ſame intrepid firmneſs, Elizabeth profeſſed to her it was that of a Queen. "Then," continued Lambrum, "it is your

Majeſty's duty to grant me a pardon." "But what ſecurity," demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon ſome future occaſion?" "A favour ceaſes to be one, Madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under ſuch reſtraints: in doing ſo, your Majeſty would act againſt me as a Judge."

"I have been a Queen thirty years," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then preſent, "and had never ſuch a lecture read to me before." And ſhe immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been deſired, in oppoſition to the opinion of the Preſident of the council, who told her Majeſty that he thought ſhe ought to have puniſhed ſo daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generoſity one degree farther, by granting her a ſafe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour alſo Elizabeth complied. And Margaret Lambrum, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

---

## OF PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

IN one of the many plots which were formed againſt the life and government of this Monarch, there was, among the number of thoſe ſeized, a ſoldier belonging to his own regiment of guards.

Peter being told by the officers that this man had always behaved extremely well, had curiosity to see him, and to learn from his own mouth what had been his inducement to be concerned in a plot against him. To this purpose he dressed himself in plain clothes, that he might not be known by the man, and went to the prison where he was confined. After some conversation, Peter added, "I should be glad to hear, friend, what were your reasons for being concerned in an attempt against the Emperor, your master, as I am certain that he never did you any injury; on the contrary, he had a regard for you as a brave soldier, and a man who always did his duty in the field: if you was therefore to shew the least remorse for what you have done, the Emperor would, I am persuaded, forgive you; but before I interest myself in your behalf, you must tell me by what motives you was induced to join the mutineers; and I say again, that the Emperor, who is naturally good and compassionate, will give you your pardon."

"I know nothing of the Emperor," replied the soldier, "for I never saw him but at a distance; but he caused my father's head to be cut off some time ago, for being concerned in a former rebellion, and it is the duty of a son to revenge the death of his father, by that of the person who took away his life. If then the Emperor is really so good and merciful as you have represented him, advise him, for his own safety, not to pardon me; for were he to restore me to my liberty, the first

uſe I ſhould make of it would be to engage in ſome new attempt againſt his life; nor ſhould I ever reſt till I had accompliſhed my deſign; the ſecureſt method, therefore, which he can take, will be to order my head to be ſtruck off immediately, without which his own life is in danger."

The Czar in vain uſed all the arguments he could think of to ſet before this deſperado the folly and injuſtice of ſuch ſentiments; he ſtill perſiſted in what he had declared; and Peter departed, greatly chagrined at the bad ſucceſs of his viſit, and gave orders for the execution of this man with the reſt of his accomplices.

---

## OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnſon was in Scotland, amongſt other curioſities ſhewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high caſtle, which was reckoned to command the moſt extenſive view of any in the country: "Well, Sir, (ſays the guide,) what do you think of this proſpect?"—"By much the fineſt in all Scotland," ſays the Doctor, "for I can here ſee the road to England."

## OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AT a race in the North, ſome time ago, among other horſes, one called Botheram ſtarted for the plate. The Iriſhman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the concluſion of the race, his favourite was unluckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed—"Ah! by Jaſus, there he is, Botheram for ever! See how he drives them all before him."

## OF THE LATE EARL OF ROSS, OF IRELAND.

THE late Earl of Roſs was, in character and diſpoſition, like the humorous Earl of Rocheſter. He had an infinite fund of wit, great ſpirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beaumonde call pleaſures, and by thoſe means firſt impaired his fortune as much as he poſſibly could do, and, finally, his health, beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in ſo cenſorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confuſion, without being a general topic of reproach, and having fifty thouſand faults invented to complete the number of thoſe he had: nay, ſome aſſerted that he dealt with the Devil; eſtabliſhed a Hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Corkhill, and that one W—, a mighty innocent facetious painter,

who was, indeed, only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: but what would not malicious folks ſay? Be it as it will, his Lordſhip's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the Groom Porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none ſurpaſſed him for generoſity.

Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordſhip was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his paſt life; the particulars of which he mentioned, ſuch as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaſpheming his Maker, and, in ſhort, all manner of wickedneſs; exhorting him, in the tendereſt manner, to employ the few moments that remained to him in penitently confeſſing his manifold tranſgreſſions, and ſoliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was ſhortly to appear.

It is neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the moſt pious noblemen of the age, and, in every reſpect, a contraſt, in character, to Lord Roſs. When the latter, who retained his ſenſes to the laſt moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of ſpirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, ſealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e. He likewiſe prevailed on the Dean's

ſervant, to carry it, and to ſay it came from his maſter, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, inſomuch, that when he was married to lady M—y O—n, one of the moſt ſhining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this ſingle inſtance may be judged, with what ſurpriſe and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing ſo many accuſations for crimes he knew himſelf entirely innocent of.—He firſt ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epiſtle he had juſt received.—Her Ladyſhip was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could poſſibly be, but, withal, obſerved that the letter was not written in the ſtile of a madman, and adviſed him to go to the Archbiſhop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordſhip ordered his coach, and went to the epiſcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accoſted him in this manner; "Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blaſphemer, a whore-monger, a rioter, and every other thing that is baſe and infamous?"—"You, my Lord!" ſaid the Biſhop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godlineſs, and virtue." "Well, my Lord, what ſatisfaction can I have of a learned and Reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?" "Surely;" anſwered his Grace,

"no man in his right ſenſes, that knew your Lordſhip, would preſume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of ſuch an offence, your Lordſhip, will have ſatisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's ſervant; and which both the Archbiſhop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand-writing.

The Archbiſhop immediately ſent for the Dean, who happening to be at home, inſtantly obeyed the ſummons. Before he entered the room, his Grace adviſed Lord K——e to walk into another apartment, while he diſcourſed the gentleman about it, which his Lordſhip accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very ſternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter, the Dean anſwered, "I did, my Lord."—"Mr. Dean," returned the Prelate, "I always thought you a man of ſenſe and prudence; but this unguarded action muſt leſſen you in the eſteem of all good men:—To throw out ſo many cauſeleſs invectives againſt the moſt unblemiſhed nobleman in Europe, and accuſe him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been ſtrangers, muſt certainly be the effect of a diſtempered brain: beſides, Sir, you have, by this means, laid yourſelf open to a proſecution, which will either oblige you publicly to retract what you have ſaid, or to ſuffer the conſequence." "My Lord," anſwered the Dean, "I never think, act, or write any thing for which I

am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be profecuted for diſcharging the duties of my function, I will ſuffer, patiently, the ſevereſt penalties in juſtification of it." And ſo ſaying the Dean retired with ſome emotion, and left the two Noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord K——e went home, and ſent for a Proctor, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be ſent to him as ſoon as poſſible. In the mean time the Archbiſhop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foreſaw that ruin muſt attend his entering into a ſuit with ſo powerful a perſon, went to his houſe, and recommended him to aſk my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public. "Aſk his pardon," ſaid the Dean, "why the man is dead." "Lord K——e dead!" "No, Lord Roſs." "Good God!" ſaid the Archbiſhop, "did not you ſend a letter yeſterday to Lord K——e?" "No, truly, my Lord, but I ſent one to the unhappy Earl of Roſs, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the ſervant, the whole was rectified; and the Dean ſaw, with real regret, that Lord Roſs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he ſent off the letter. The footman loſt his place by the jeſt, and was, indeed, the only ſufferer for my Lord's laſt piece of humour.

## ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A Circumſtance occurred ſome time ago, which, as it ſerves, however ſimple in itſelf, to put the private character of our amiable S——n in its true light, that of being the benevolent father of his people, ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the courſe of his walks one morning with the H— A——t by his ſide, he met a farmer's ſervant travelling to W—— with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was ſtuck faſt in the mud; nor could the man himſelf extricate it with all his might.

Both the K—— and the P—— were dreſſed in a ſtyle of ſimplicity; and as if with one impulſe of humanity, they immediately ruſhed forward to the aſſiſtance of the embarraſſed ruſtic: having, through the dint of main ſtrength, enabled him to ſet his cart to rights, the honeſt fellow, glowing with gratitude, aſked them very cordially if they would except of a cup of ale from him at the next houſe; adding, that in the mean time they were heartily welcome to take a ſeat upon the cart.—Each of theſe offers was of courſe declined, and they parted; the K—— having previouſly ſlipped into his hands a guinea, and the P—— two guineas.

The man was thunderſtruck; nor could he help ſpreading about the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached W——. From theſe it

appeared plainly, that it was to the K—— and the P—— he had been indebted ſo highly; and the only circumſtance that ſeemed to puzzle the man himſelf, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the P—— ſhould have given two pieces, while the K—— gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, preſently reached the ears of his M——; and happening, the week following, to meet the ſame man again, on his way to market, he ſtopped him and ſmiled.

"Well, my friend, (ſaid he) I find you were rather diſſatisfied with the little preſent I made you when laſt we met: the ſon you thought more munificent than the father.—He was ſo, I confeſs; but remember this, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be juſt before I can be generous. My ſon has, at preſent, nobody to care for but himſelf, and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my boſom than you poſſibly experience) am bound to promote the happineſs of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand from you."

## OF A YOUNG OFFICER.

DURING the Protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, a young officer, who had been bred in France, went to the ordinary at the Black Horſe in Holborn, where the perſon that uſually preſided at

table, was a rough, old-fashioned gentleman, who according to the custom of those times, had been both Major and Preacher of a regiment. The young officer was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking against the dispensations of Providence. The Major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," (said he) "do not abuse your Master while you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters to a jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time bid him take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" (cried the Major) "thou art an infidel, and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." At length the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the Major. On their coming into the garden, the old gentleman advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow scurilous, "Sirrah, (said he) if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy faucineſs to his servant." This said, he drew his sword, and cried with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord

and of Gideon!" Which ſo terrified the young gentleman, that he was inſtantly diſarmed, and thrown on his knees; in which poſture he begged for life; which the Major refuſed to grant, until he had aſked pardon for his offence in a ſhort extempore prayer, which the Major dictated on the ſpot; and the other repeated it in the preſence of the whole company, which was by this time aſſembled in the garden.

## OF DEAN SWIFT.

AS Swift was fond of ſcenes in low life, he miſſed no opportunity of being preſent at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was reſolved not to miſs the opportunity of ſeeing ſo curious a ceremony; and that he might ſee the whole completely, propoſed to Dr. Sheridan, that he ſhould go thither diſguiſed as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the ſcene of action, when the blind fidler was received with ſhouts of joy. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They ſung, they danced, told their ſtories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour

entertaining to the two gueſts. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handſomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their uſual dreſs, and found their companions of the preceding evening, ſcattered about on different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful ſtrains, and telling diſmal ſtories of their diſtreſs. Among theſe, they found ſome upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others ſtone blind, who were perfectly clear-ſighted at the feaſt. The Doctor diſtributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated thoſe ſturdy vagrants, rated them ſoundly; told them in what manner he had been preſent at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and aſſured them, if they did not immediately apply to honeſt labour, he would have them taken up and ſent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, ſo as to make a very precipitate retreat.

---

## OF THE EMPEROR CAMKI, OF CHINA.

THE Emperor Camki, of China, being out a hunting, and having gone aſtray from his attendants, met with a poor old man, who wept bitterly, and appeared afflicted for ſome extraordinary diſaſter.

He rode up to him, moved at the condition he ſaw him in; and, without making himſelf known, aſked what was the matter with him.—Alas! Sir, (replied the old man,) though I ſhould tell you the cauſe of my diſtreſs, it is not in your power to remedy it.—Perhaps, my good man, (ſaid the Emperor,) I may be of greater help to you than you think: make me your confidant; you do not know what may happen to your advantage. Well, good Sir, if you would fain know, (anſwered the old man,) I muſt tell you that all my ſufferings are owing to a Governor of one of the Emperor's pleaſure-houſes. Finding a little eſtate of mine, near that royal houſe, to ſuit his conveniency, he ſeized upon it, and reduced me to the ſtate of beggary you ſee me in. Not contented with this inhuman treatment, he forced my ſon to become his ſlave, and ſo robbed me of the only ſupport of my old age. This, Sir, is the reaſon of my tears.

The Emperor was ſo affected with this ſpeech, that, fully reſolved to take vengeance of a crime committed under the ſanction of his authority, he immediately aſked the old man if they were far from the houſe he ſpoke of; and the old man anſwering they were not above half a league, he ſaid, he had a mind to go with him there himſelf, to exhort the Governor to reſtore to him his eſtate and his ſon, and that he did not deſpair of perſuading him to it.—Perſuade him! (replied the old man) ah, Sir, remember, if you pleaſe, that man belongs to the Emperor. It is neither ſafe for you nor me

to propoſe any thing like what you ſay to him; he will only treat me the worſe for it, and you will receive ſome inſult from him, which I beg you will not expoſe yourſelf to.—Be under no concern on my account, (replied the Emperor,) I am determined to go on this buſineſs, and I hope we ſhall ſoon ſee a better iſſue to our negociation than you imagine. The old man, who perceived viſible marks in this unknown perſon of that ſomething which illuſtrious birth impreſſes on the aſpect of thoſe of rank, believed he ſhould not more oppoſe his good intentions; and only objected, that being broke down with old age, and a foot, he was not able to keep up with the walk of the horſe the Emperor was mounted on.—I am young, (anſwered the Emperor,) do you get on horſeback, and I will go a foot.—The old man not accepting the offer, the Emperor hit upon the expedient of taking him behind him; but the old man again excuſing himſelf, that his poverty having deprived him of the means of changing linen and clothes, he might communicate to him vermin he could not keep himſelf clean of.—Come, friend, (ſaid the Emperor,) be in no trouble about that: get behind me; a change of clothes will preſently rid me of all communication of the kind.—At length the old man mounted, and both ſoon arrived at the houſe they rode to.—The Emperor aſked for the Governor, who appearing, was greatly ſurpriſed when the Prince, in accoſting him, diſcovered to him, to make himſelf known, the embroidered dragon he wore on his

breaſt, which his hunting-garb had kept concealed. It happened, to render more famous, as it were, this memorable action of juſtice and humanity, that moſt of the Grandees, who followed the Emperor in the chace, there met about him, as if aſſigned a place of rendezvous. Before this grand aſſembly he ſeverely reproached this old man's perſecutor with his ſignal injuſtice; and, after obliging him to reſtore to him his eſtate and ſon, he ordered his head to be inſtantly cut off. He did more: he put the old man in his place, admoniſhing him to take care, leſt, fortune changing his manners, another might avail himſelf hereafter of his injuſtice, as he now had of the injuſtice of another.

The Emperor's whole conduct was truly noble, juſtice influenced by humanity, and this act of humanity in him principally regarded the concern men feel for the human ſpecies in general; for this ſingle reaſon, that they are men like themſelves, without being united either by the ties of blood, of love, or friendſhip; though we muſt not exclude in the Emperor the ſacred tie between the ſovereign and ſubject, by which they are bound to conſult a reciprocal welfare.

It is juſt we ſhould have a ſuperior tenderneſs for a father, a wife, a child, or a friend; but there is a ſort of affection which we owe to all mankind, as being members of the ſame family, of which God is the Creator and Father. Let us illuſtrate this by the circular undulations which the fall of a ſtone cauſes on the ſurface of a clear and tranquil

water. The agitation in the centre, by communicating itſelf afar off, forms a great number of tremulous circles, the faintneſs of whoſe impreſſion is in proportion to the largeneſs of their circumference, till the laſt ſeems to have eſcaped from our ſight. Here is an image of the different degrees of our affections. We love principally that which touches us the more nearly, and leſs and leſs, in proportion to the diſtance. We conſider mankind, with relation to us, as divided into different claſſes, every one of which, encreaſing gradually, conſiſts of greater numbers than the former: we place ourſelves in the ſmalleſt, which is ſurrounded by others more extended; and from thence we diſtribute to the different orders of men which they contain, different degrees of affection, more or leſs ſtrong, in proportion to their diſtance from us, in ſuch a manner, as that the laſt has hardly any ſhare of it. Theſe different claſſes may be ranked in the following order: a wife, children, friends, relations, men of the ſame religion; the next are thoſe of the ſame trade or profeſſion as ourſelves; the other claſſes comprehend our neighbours, fellow citizens, and countrymen; the laſt, which includes all the reſt, is the univerſal claſs of mankind.

TWO Gentlemen diſputing about religion in Burton's Coffee-houſe, ſaid one of them, I wonder, Sir, you ſhould talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't ſay the *Lord's Prayer:* Done,

ſaid the other, and Sir Richard Steele here ſhall hold ſtakes. The money being depoſited, the gentleman began with, "I believe in God," and ſo went cleverly through *the Creed*:—Well, ſaid the other, I own I have loſt; I did not think he could have done it.

## OF A CLERGYMAN PROMOTED IN A VERY EXTRAORDINARY MANNER.

IN Queen Anne's reign, the Britiſh Auguſtan age, few made a more illuſtrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cauſe of St. Germains, was a particular favourite of the Queen, and of the Tory party, who then held the ſuperiority in the court. It happened once that as his Grace, who had been choſen to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was on his paſſage to undertake his government, he was forced in, by contrary winds, upon the then almoſt barren iſland of Ila. There was no place in this ſmall and bleak iſland where his Excellency could find tolerable accommodation, but a poor clergyman's houſe, in which were two or three ſmall rooms, and theſe but very poorly furniſhed; however theſe inconveniences were amply compenſated by the cheerful and happy diſpoſition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent, hoſpitality, with which his Excellency was particularly charmed. The wind ſome

days after ſhifting about, the Duke and his retinue prepared for ſetting out again on their paſſage; but before he went on board being at breakfaſt, he aſked his landlord, what his living was? Only twenty-two pounds, replied Joſeph: (for that was his name.) At which his Excellency being ſurpriſed, aſked again, how he came to have things ſo decent and neat on ſuch a ſmall ſalary? Why, replied he, my wife Rebecca is an excellent houſewife, and as we have two cows, ſhe ſells the milk and cheeſe, and almoſt ſupports the family; whilſt we reſerve my twenty-two pounds for cloaths, and our childrens education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them, and then the world is before them, let them ſhift for themſelves. Ormond was charmed at the ſight of ſo much contentment, and genuine felicity, which this poor but generous clergyman enjoyed: and therefore having made the frugal wife a handſome preſent, he promiſed to do ſtill ſomething more for Joſeph, her huſband, and immediately went on board.

Joſeph having waited with anxiety, from time to time, to hear of ſomething being done in his favour, in vain, at laſt took the reſolution of going to Dublin, and puſhing his fortune, for which he ſeemed to have had only this ſingle chance in his whole life. Fully bent on his deſign, he ſet out, and ſoon arrived at Dublin. Being a man of ſome abilities, he imagined the only way to attain his end, would be, if poſſible, by preaching before his Excellency, and uſing every ſtroke of addreſs to make the Duke

recollect who he was, and what he had promiſed: he thought if he could gain his end this way, it would be more ſucceſsful than by an indelicate bluntneſs to come to his Excellency's lodgings, and put him in mind of his promiſe.

Upon this he applied to the Dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral the next Sunday.—The Dean, who knew nothing about him, and never heard of him before, ſeemed a little ſurpriſed at the requeſt, and being of a humane and gentle diſpoſition, he did not peremptorily refuſe it; but judging it neceſſary to be ſomewhat acquainted with the abilities of the perſon to whom he was to grant this favour, he artfully entered into a converſation with this ſtranger, upon various ſubjects, and finding him to be a man poſſeſſed of no contemptible ſhare of both natural and acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach next ſabbath forenoon before his Excellency, and both houſes of Peers and Commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he choſe that remarkable text;—"But the chief butler (his "Grace's name was Butler,) remembered not "Joſeph, but forgat him." Here he uſed his utmoſt efforts to paint out the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions done them on ſome occaſions, by thoſe that even tread in the humbleſt paths of indigence and obſcurity; and having deſcribed the inhumanity and injuſtice of this negligence towards their generous benefactors, he obſerved, that this negligence often rather took its

riſe from the multiplicity of buſineſs in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ear poiſoned with the faſcinating adulations of that ſervile crowd of flatterers that never fail, on all occaſions, to ſeduce their attention from the moſt noble of all purſuits—of humanity, benevolence, and compaſſion—for thoſe of ſenſuality, intemperance, riot, and debauchery, than from any innate depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at ſome length, and with the moſt pathetic, lively, and animated addreſs, ſo that almoſt every perſon hearing him, felt what he ſaid; he fully accompliſhed his deſign, by making this ſtriking application:—And now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and queſtion ourſelves. Did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior ſtation of life, and to whom a bountiful providence had not been ſo liberal, as to worldly affluence, but had beſtowed more valuable favours—thoſe of a kind, generous, and open heart; and, like the poor widow in the goſpel, that freely gave a mite to the poor, although it was all her living—And have I overlooked ſuch generoſity, and baſely forgot to reward it ſeven-fold? Have ever I, in my life, been in ſuch a ſituation, expoſed to the inclemencies of the ſtorm, and where conflicting elements ſeemed to conſpire for my ruin; and did ever any of a low, but contented, ſtation of life, with open arms receive me, and my weather-beaten attendants, into his houſe, while, perhaps, his equally kind ſpouſe was buſy in heaping on plenty

of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs; and, with the utmoſt ſolicitude, preparing a repaſt of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhauſted ſpirits, and to cheriſh our hearts, now ſecure from the impetuoſity of the roaring ſtorm; nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal, but happy, abode, till ſerener weather, and milder ſkies, invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or, at leaſt, no certainty of retaliation on my part: and have I, with a baſeneſs of ſoul, unworthy of my ſtation, allowed ſuch true benevolence to paſs unrewarded, and, aſhamed to acknowledge my benefactors, have ſuffered them to languiſh under the iron graſp of poverty, and, poſſibly to ſolicit Charity's cold hand in vain?——

Here the Duke, who was all along attentive to the ſermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and upon recollection, found that he himſelf was guilty of ſome pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly ſimilar to this, which had juſt now been deſcribed in ſo affecting colours; but he was ſtill more affected, when, upon a thorough examination of the parſon, he found he bore a ſtriking reſemblance to the figure and features of his own hoſpitable landlord in the iſland of Ila; and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting diſcourſe, he had inhumanly forgot: upon which he turned to one of his lords, and aſked him, if this was not their old landlord in Ila? To which he replied, pleaſe your Excellency, I think it is. Cauſe him,

after ſervice, to come and dine with me. Joſeph being brought in, and ſat down, the Duke aſked him if he did not come from Ila, and was not his deſign to put him in mind of his promiſe to provide for him? Here Joſeph bluſhed, and, with that ingenuity natural to a generous mind, confeſſed that it was he, and that it really was his ſole intention, as he imagined his Excellency's neglect of him did not ariſe from a contempt of his meanneſs of life, or from a diſhonourable ſhame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great ſoul like his Excellency's diſdained, but from the vaſt and important concerns of the government, with which he was intruſted, he would account it no matter of ſurpriſe, that this, like a ſmall receipt amidſt a heap of papers, was fallen aſide and loſt. To which the Duke replied, you are a worthy man! and immediately after dinner he ordered ſome of his clerks to look over the vacancies of the church. The clerks, after ſearching, told his Excellency there was none but a living of four hundred pounds per annum. His Excellency anſwered, there is none more deſerving of it than this generous, worthy man; and immediately preferred Joſeph from his poor twenty-two pounds a-year, to four-hundred pounds. But mark the quick tranſitions of fortune! The Whig intereſt getting the ſuperiority, (for jarring intereſts and faction will always be joined in a free ſtate) the Duke of Ormond was diveſted of all his dignities, and eſcaping a trial, by retiring to France, he was fugitated, and his

large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generoſity of his friends for ſome time ſupplied him; but, alas! theſe aids were ſoon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant General of her Majeſty's armies, &c. &c. now found himſelf treading in the loweſt paths of fortune, and ſurrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt and death. But how agreeably was he ſurpriſed to find a comfortable ſupply from a very unexpected channel, viz. his old friend Joſeph!—That generous hearted man, hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortunes, thought the leaſt part of his duty was to ſpare as much as he could out of his benefice, to ſupply the neceſſities of that great and good man, from whom he had all his living; and, therefore, one day taking his wife aſide, ſays to her, Becca, my dear, you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our preſent affluent ſituation; and you know very well we can as eaſily live upon one hundred pounds a-year, as one thouſand pounds; what would you think of ſettling three hundred pounds a-year upon our generous patron for life; for I hear, to the diſgrace of his friends, he is in danger of periſhing for real want. Becca readily conſented to ſo noble a propoſal, and immediately Joſeph modeſtly remitted to the Duke the firſt quarter of his annuity. Struck with this ſecond act of kindneſs, his grace wrote a full account of it to a great perſonage at court, who, altho' in different intereſts, yet ſtill preſerved

the laws of friendſhip, amidſt all the commotions of ſtate, inviolable and ſecure. Being charmed with ſuch true generoſity in a poor man, this courtier got Joſeph preferred to a ſecond living, which made them worth eight hundred pounds a-year; but prior to this ſecond preferment the Duke of Ormond died in exile, ſo that Joſeph had it now no more in his power to relieve the wants, and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor; for he was now ſecure from the bluſtering ſtorms of adverſity, in that land of ſilence where the weary are at reſt.

Every circumſtance of this ſtory is founded on reality, which enhances the value of entertainments of this kind. Some years ago, an officer in the army declared, that he was the grandſon of the hero of our hiſtory, and uſed to divert himſelf and friends with relating theſe particulars reſpecting his benevolent progenitor, Joſeph from Ila.

LORD BACON, towards the latter end of his life, ſaid, that a little ſmattering of Philoſophy would lead a man to atheiſm; but a thorough inſight into it will lead a man back again to a firſt cauſe; and that the firſt principal of right reaſon is religion; and ſeriouſly profeſſed, that, after all his ſtudies and inquiſitions, he durſt not die with any other thoughts than thoſe of religion taught, as it is profeſſed among the Chriſtians.

## OF ROBERT THE NORMAN.

THE following curious anecdote may ſerve both as a proof and illuſtration of the wit, politeneſs, and generoſity of the Normans.—When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Conſtantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon ſplendor, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and other virtues. Of theſe, many remarkable examples were related to the Emperor, who reſolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view he invited the Duke, and all his Nobles, to a feaſt, in the great hall of the Imperial Palace; but took care to have all the tables and ſeats filled with gueſts before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded to take no notice. When the Duke, followed by his Nobles in their richeſt dreſſes, entered the hall, obſerving that all the ſeats were filled with gueſts, and that none of them returned his civilities, or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the leaſt appearance of ſurpriſe or diſcompoſure, to an empty ſpace at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and ſat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this poſture they dined off ſuch diſhes as were ſet before them, with every appearance of the moſt perfect ſatisfaction with their entertainment. When the feaſt was ended, the Duke

and his Nobles aroſe, took leave of the company in the moſt graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of value, behind them on the floor. The Emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite ſurpriſed at this laſt part of it; and ſent one of his courtiers to entreat the Duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," ſaid the Duke, "and tell your maſter, that it is not the "cuſtom of the Normans to carry about with them "the ſeats, which they uſe at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refuſal; or more noble, polite, and manly, than this deportment?

## OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS.

WHEN this Nobleman was Ambaſſador in England, he was going down to Lord Townſhend's ſeat in Norfolk, on a private viſit, quite in diſhabille, and with only one ſervant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy ſhower of rain, to ſtop at a farm-houſe in the way. The maſter of the houſe was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few ſcholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80l. a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and ſix children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to

come in and dry himſelf, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worſted ſtockings and ſlippers of him, and warming himſelf by a good fire. After ſome converſation, the Duke obſerved an old cheſs-board hanging up; and as he was paſſionately fond of that game, he aſked the clergyman whether he could play. The other told him he could pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagoniſt. "I am your "man," ſays the Duke,——"With all my heart," ſays the parſon;——"and if you'll ſtay and eat "pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parſon played ſo much better, that he won every game. This was ſo far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleaſed to meet a man who could give him ſuch entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the ſtate of his family affairs,—and juſt taking a memorandum of his addreſs, without diſcovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months paſſed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livry rode up to the door, and preſented him with the following billet:

"The Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait "on the Rev. Mr. ——, and, as a remembrance "for the *good drubbing* he gave him at cheſs, begs "that he will accept the living of ——, worth "400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his "Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle on Friday next,

" to thank him for the ſame."——The good parſon was ſome time before he could imagine it any thing more than a jeſt, and was not for going; but as his wife inſiſted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unſpeakable ſatisfaction.

---

## OF AN ENSIGN.

AT the time the Engliſh army were in Portugal, under Lord Townſhend and Count de Lippe, the following adventure happened to an Enſign of a regiment there:—One morning, as he was at breakfaſt, a friar waited on him, and, after the uſual jargon of poverty and penance, told him, that he had a letter for him from one of the ſiſterhood of his convent, which he brought out of pure charity, ſuppoſing it contained ſome wholeſome admonition, tending to reform him. The young gentleman opened the letter with great eagerneſs, and, to his utmoſt ſurpriſe, found it written in Engliſh, and from a lady, begging, in the moſt earneſt terms, that he would contrive to deliver her from the miſeries of her confinement. The officer, thinking his fair incognita was well acquainted with her meſſenger, before ſhe would have truſted him, aſked the friar " if he could ſee the lady?"—" Not unleſs " you put on the habit of our order," replied the prieſt, " which I have prepared for you." It may

be imagined our gallant Engliſhman complied, for, in about half an hour, he was introduced to a moſt lovely young creature, who, with tears and bluſhes, "hoped he would forgive the method ſhe took to "obtain his protection;—adding, that ſhe was an "Engliſh woman, and ſecond daughter to a Roman "Catholic merchant of immenſe fortune, who took "her, as it were, upon a viſit of pleaſure to Liſbon, "and then buried her in a monaſtery, in order to "gratify his ambition in the matching of her elder "ſiſter. The friar is an Iriſhman," ſhe continued, "and knows my family. He will do all in his "power to effect my eſcape, as, if it be effected, "I can amply reward him."

A council of war was now called on the means of getting out of the convent; when it was agreed, that the friar ſhould let them out at midnight, and, in order to prevent inquiry or purſuit, report that ſhe had drowned herſelf;—a death which foreigners think happens every day in England to young women diſappointed in love, or wounded deeply by other ſtrong paſſions. The plot ſucceeded, and the officer was married next morning to the fair apoſtate. However, it was thought moſt adviſable, while the troops continued in Portugal, for the lady to appear in man's apparel. Upon her return to England, ſhe found her elder ſiſter dead, and her father in deſpair, for being, as he ſuppoſed, the cauſe of his ſecond daughter's making away with herſelf. She waited upon him with her huſband, and a new relation he had never ſeen. The old

man fainted with ſurpriſe and joy in his daughter's arms; but this meeting terminated in the reconciliation and happineſs of all parties.

---

## OF A PEDLAR AND A PEASANT IN SUABIA.

AN inhabitant of a village in the circle of Suabia was reduced to the moſt extreme poverty. For ſome days his family had ſubſiſted only on a little oatmeal; and this being exhauſted, their miſery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refuſed with unrelenting cruelty, to ſupply them with any more bread, till this ſum was paid.

The cries of his wretched babes, almoſt expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguiſh. "Deareſt "huſband!" ſaid the diſtracted mother, "ſhall we "ſuffer theſe miſerable infants to periſh? Have we "given them birth, only to behold them die of "hunger? See theſe poor victims, the fruits of our "love! Behold their cheeks already covered with "the paleneſs of death! For me—I expire with "grief and miſery. Alas! could I but yet preſerve "their lives at the expence of my own! Run—fly "to the next town,—ſpeak our diſtreſſes—let not "a falſe ſhame conceal them!—Every moment you "loſe, is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps "Heaven may yet be touched by our miſeries. "You may find ſome good hearted perſon, who "may yet relieve us."

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more reſembling a ſpectre than a man, haſtened to the town. He entreated, he ſolicited, he deſcribed his wretched ſituation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterneſs of anguiſh muſt inſpire. In vain he implored compaſſion. Not one would hear him. No one would aſſiſt him. Rendered deſperate by ſuch unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the firſt paſſenger. Dire neceſſity now appeared a law, and an opportunity ſoon occured. A pedlar paſſing by, he ſtopped him. The pedlar made not the leaſt reſiſtance, but gave up his purſe, containing twenty crowns.

No ſooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorſe, and, returning to the pedlar, threw himſelf, all in tears, at his feet. "Take back your money," ſaid he;—"believe how much it has coſt me, before I "could be reſolved to commit this crime. My "heart has been unuſed to guilt. Come, I beſeech "you, to my cottage. You will there ſee the only "motives that could lead me to this action, and "when you view the deplorable condition of my "family, you will forgive,—you will pity me,— "you will be my benefactor, my preſerver."

The poor honeſt pedlar raiſed the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withſtand his ſolicitations, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compaſſionate heart, he heſitated not to follow the peaſant. But with what emotions did he enter the ruinous habitation! How moving

every object! The children almoſt naked, lying on ſtraw, dying with hunger,—and the mother a picture of the deepeſt diſtreſs.

The peaſant relates the adventure to his wife. "You know," he ſaid, "with what eagerneſs I "went to the town, in the hope of finding ſome "relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people "buſied in amaſſing riches, or in diſſipating what "they already have, in luxury and idle expences. "Refuſed by all—deſperate—furious—I went into "a neighbouring wood:—Can you believe it?—I "have dared to lay violent hands on this good "man;—I have dared—Oh! I cannot tell you."

"Pity my poor babes!" exclaimed the diſtracted mother, looking with moving earneſtneſs at the pedlar: "conſider our miſerable ſituation. Alas! "poverty hath not altered our ſentiments. In all "our miſery we have yet preſerved our honeſty. "I beſeech your mercy for my huſband;—I implore "your compaſſion for thoſe wretched infants."

The good pedlar, melted by this melancholy ſcene, mingled his tears with thoſe of theſe poor people. "I am your friend," ſaid he. "Take "theſe twenty crowns,—I inſiſt upon it. Why is "not my ability equal to my good wiſhes for you? "I grieve that I cannot ſecure you a happier lot "for the future."——"What!" anſwered the peaſant, "inſtead of treating me as your enemy, "are you ſo good as to be my protector?—Would "you be my preſerver?—Alas! my crime renders "me unworthy of this goodneſs. No! if I die

" with hunger, I will not take this money."—The pedlar inſiſting ſtill, compels him to take it. The whole family kiſs the benevolent hand which had thus preſerved them from death. Tears only on every face can ſpeak their grateful hearts, and the pedlar retires with that ſweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taſte.

Oh ye, on whom Fortune ſmiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor pedlar, can your hearts be ever inacceſſible to pity? Can you henceforth behold, unmoved, the ſufferings of your fellow creatures? Fortune is inconſtant. Enjoy her preſent favours; but forget not this important truth, —that your ſuperfluities, at leaſt, are the patrimony of the poor.

---

## OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

A proud Parſon, and his man, riding over a common, ſaw a ſhepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parſon aſked him in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat?—The ſame, ſaid the ſhepherd, that clothed you—the *pariſh*. The parſon, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and aſk the ſhepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool? The man, going accordingly to the ſhepherd, delivered his maſter's meſſage, and

concluded as he was ordered, that his maſter wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* ſaid the ſhepherd. No, anſwered the other. Then you may tell your maſter, replied the ſhepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

## OF A CHINESE MANDARINE.

A Mandarine, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accoſted by an old ſly Bonze, who following him through ſeveral ſtreets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the Mandarine; Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the uſe you can make of them yourſelf; ſo there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

## OF A TURKISH SLAVE.

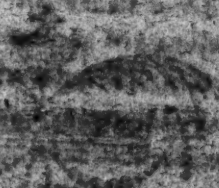
A Slave of Amrou Leits ran away, but, being purſued, was brought back; and that King's Grand Vizier, who hated the ſlave, ſolicited Amrou to put him to death, ſuggeſting to him, that it would be

an inſtance to deter others. Hereupon the ſlave, caſting himſelf on the ground before the King, ſaid,—"Whatever your Majeſty ſhall be pleaſed "to order, as to my deſtiny, muſt be done: for a "ſlave cannot find fault with the judgment of his "lord and maſter. But, becauſe I have been "brought up in your palace, as a mark of my gra- "titude, I could wiſh that you might not anſwer "for my blood at the day of judgment;—and, "therefore, if you deſire I ſhould be killed, let it "be under pretence of juſtice."—Amrou aſked him what he meant by that pretence.—"Suffer "me," anſwered the ſlave, "to kill the Vizier, and "then you will be in the right in taking away my "life, to avenge his death."—Amrou laughed at the conceit, and aſked the Vizier what he thought of it. The Vizier anſwered, "I adviſe your ma- "jeſty to forgive the wretch. He may draw ſome "misfortune upon me. I have deſerved that an- "ſwer; not conſidering, that when we deſign to "kill another, we expoſe ourſelves to be killed, as "much as him whom we intend to murder."

## OF MR. ADDISON.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he diſmiſſed not his concerns for the

living, but ſent for a youth nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, but not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent; after a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! you ſent for me, I be-"lieve, and I hope you have ſome commands; if "you have, I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear but feel the reply!—Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "See in what peace a Chriſtian can die." He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired.

GLASGOW:
Printed by NAPIER & KHULL, Argyll-Street.

1800.